

THE METROPOLITAN.

OCTOBER, 1837.

LITERATURE.

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

Stokeshill Place ; or, the Man of Business. By the Authoress of
"Mrs. Armytage," "Mothers and Daughters," &c.

We admire this work as much as—perhaps, we might say, more than—any novel of the kind Mrs. Charles Gore has yet produced. It is for the greater part a simple but touching narrative of domestic and English life, with fewer of the scenes and flippancies of fashionable society, than are usual with this writer. We would not confound high life generally with that heartless, insane portion of it (and after all it is but a fraction) called "fashionable life," the monotonous insipidities of which have been so often produced and reproduced in works of fiction, by authors who know the subject thoroughly, and by others (in far greater numbers we believe) who are utterly ignorant of it and all its bearings, that we now feel impatient at the mere mention of Grosvenor Square, and are overcome by an unconquerable drowsiness whenever the word "Almack's" meets our eye. The whole subject is itself too limited to admit of much variety—too artificial to admit of a transcript by means of any other *art*, while the best essences of it are so extremely volatile, that they evaporate the instant they are removed out of their own narrow and fragile glass-case. The little there is of this kind of thing in the volumes now before us is, however, exceedingly well written—it is sparkling and spirited, without being overdone, and the satire, hardly ever harsh or uncharitable, is nicely apportioned to the proper persons, and introduced in the right places. Nothing is grosser than satire in the gross, and it is perhaps as unfair as it is revolting to set down, even in fashionable life, every man as an egotistical sensualist, and every woman as a selfish intrigante, without one virtue or one truly amiable or spontaneous weakness, to set off against their vices by rote, and their follies by calculation. There is one part of the story which seems to us admirably conceived and equally well executed. It looks like a study from the life, and may very well have been one. Change but a few names and titles—a few accidents and localities, and many a reader will recognise old acquaintances in the Dowager Lady Shoreham, the empty-headed and empty-hearted honourables, her daughters, and that hopeful scion of aristocracy, her son, the young earl ; to say nothing of his scape-graces of uncles, "Gus," and "the parson." Poor Lady Shoreham ! she is a high-bred woman—one so intensely and wholly fashionable, that she can

see no virtue or acquirement worth the having, no reputation, no fame, except that of being a model, a leader, and a procreator of fashionables, deserving of a struggle or a thought. She labours hard, whenever the rare opportunity permits her, to imbue her only son with this doctrine, and to make him the envy of all dandies, and the delight of all supereminently fine ladies. But young Shoreham, like that memorable example of pains thrown away, the son of that elaborate rogue Lord Chesterfield, has a taste of his own in immoralities, and prefers sculking towards a certain place, "which shall be nameless," by a dirty bye-path of his own choosing. This lordling's first appearance on the stage is in a fine vein of comedy. It is on the day on which he comes of age—a great day—a memorable day—for it entitles him not only to take the management of his own estates, but also to take his seat as an hereditary legislator. His mother, who has not seen him for a long time, invites all the neighbouring nobility and topping county families to meet him at the "Abbey, where a birth-day dinner, with balls and fêtes to follow, is prepared on a scale of unusual magnificence. Her heart beats with triumph, for she expects to see the most *distingué* of aristocrats walk into the drawing-room and take all hearts by surprise. The Abbey clock tells hour after hour on the eventful day, and the young lord cometh not—all the company arrive, dinner is ready, but still no Shoreham.

"Poor Lady Shoreham was now in a panic. She felt the strange appearance it would wear to the county and her friends, if her son should fail her at such a moment; and began to fear that the prospect of having to do the honours of his house for the first time, to four or five hundred guests, besides making a speech to the tenantry, and a civil acknowledgment to the executors, had been too much for his courage. As soon as she had escorted Mrs. Sullivan and Mrs. Holloway, as in precedence bound, to their rooms, she returned hastily to the library; for the welcome sound of a carriage had reached her ear.

"But, alas! it was only the London solicitor in his chaise and four; summoned by the fidgety Barnsley to attend upon the occasion.

"Scarcely, however, had she turned Mr. Fagg over to the butler, to be conducted to his dressing-room, when Barnsley himself was announced.

"My dear sir," she exclaimed, cordially extending her hand, "you see me in the greatest perplexity!—Not a word have I heard of my son for some days past. He promised to be here on the 21st, early in the day; and now it is nearly six o'clock, and I begin to tremble lest the horror which all young men of his age have of the word 'business,' should keep him away altogether! Between ourselves, I fancy we had better have put off signing these executorship and guardianship accounts till next week. But it is too late to think of it now; and, if my son should not make his appearance to-day, I must trouble you to take the head of the table. My brother, Lord Tynemouth, is so complete a stranger here, that he would be very little resource to me on such an occasion."

Barnsley bowed assentingly; and Lady Shoreham, about to quit him to hurry through her dinner-toilet, was gratified to observe that in *his*, Lord Shoreham's executor wore a highly respectable country-gentlemanlike appearance. Barnsley was really a handsome-looking man, when his brows were unbent and his pockets dispossessed of the packets of papers too often imparting squareness to his waist. At the present moment, indeed, his countenance shone with redoubled lustre. To do the honours of Wynnex Abbey, in presence of the Sullivans of Hawkhurst, the dear friends and relatives of the Woodgate family, was all he could desire! For once, he anticipated as much delight from cutting up a haunch, as from drawing up a case for counsel's opinion.

"But while he stood bowing to the Viscountess, a sudden tumult arose in the great hall; and the yelping of dogs, the swearing of grooms, the neighing of horses, and the vociferous laughter of several strange voices, caused the colour to rise in Lady Shoreham's face.

"It is my son!" cried she, full of joy, yet full of apprehension.

"And at that moment, a pretty-faced, under-sized young man, with a velvet travelling-cap on his head, and a pea-jacket on his shoulders, his hands in his pockets, and a cigar in his mouth, shuffled into the vestibule!

" ' My dear boy ! I was afraid you were lost ! ' cried his mother. ' Mr. Barnsley, Lord Shoreham ; Shoreham, my love, Mr. Barnsley, to whom we are all so much indebted.'

" Barnsley bowed encouragingly to his young *protégé* ; and Lord Shoreham, taking the cigar from his mouth, but not the cap from his head, muttered some unintelligible civility while his mother led the way into the library.

" ' You are very late,' said she, addressing Lord Shoreham. ' The dressing-bell has rung. Everybody is come ; it wants only five minutes of six, and we dine at six precisely.'

" ' They must put off dinner,' replied Lord Shoreham, coolly. ' My fellows will be a quarter of an hour getting out my traps ; and Gus won't be here these ten minutes.'

" ' Gus ?'

" ' He chose to come with the parson in his britschka, on account of my smoking ; and, by Jove ! I smashed them like fun, giving them the go-by at the turnpike.'

" ' Gus !—the parson !' faltered Lady Shoreham. ' You surely have not brought down your uncles ?'

" ' Didn't you get my letter ?' demanded her son, planting himself before the fire on the hearth-rug, with his hands again ensconced in the pockets of the pea-jacket.

" ' What letters ?'—

" ' Saying that my uncles must be present at the celebration of my coming of age. Just like the parson !' he continued, perceiving from his mother's wondering face that this was the first intimation she had received of such a calamity. ' I gave it him to put into the letter-box at Crockford's, as he was going up the steps ; and I dare say 'tis still in his pocket, unless his rascal took it out at night to light his pipe.'

" Lady Shoreham stood for a moment aghast.

" ' But, my dear boy, this is really a most unreasonable proceeding !' faltered she, at last. ' There literally is not a bed in the house. I had the greatest difficulty in making out one for our friend Mr. Barnsley.'

" ' Why who the devil have you got here ?' inquired Lord Shoreham, with an air of disgust.

" ' All the families of the immediate neighbourhood ; besides my brother Tyne-mouth, and——'

" ' Well, well,' interrupted Lord Shoreham, ' let who will be turned out, room must be made for Gus and the parson. My uncles are the only people I have invited, and they must be properly accommodated. How deuced unlucky that you did not get my letter.'

" ' Rather say, unlucky that you did not——'

" ' Shoreham, my boy !' shouted a strange voice, as a strange head, in a strange straw hat, was thrust into the library,— ' are you here or whereabouts ?'

" ' Come in, Alfred, come in !' cried the dutiful nephew, without stirring from the hearth-rug ; while Lady Shoreham escaped through the saloon, to recover her self-possession and give the necessary orders ; and Barnsley bowed and stared, as the extraordinary figure of Parson Drewe advanced into the room, gaitered and jacketed for his journey, as other men equip themselves for a shooting expedition.

" ' Where's Gus ?' inquired Lord Shoreham.

" ' In confab with the head coachman—finding out whether there's a tailor at Westerton he can trust to mend the spring of the britschka,' said Alfred Drewe, throwing himself into a chair, and placing his muddy leather gaiters on a beautiful ottoman embroidered by the fair hand of his niece Lucilla. ' That was a clever smash you gave us at the toll-bar ; and faith, my fine fellow, you must pay for it !'

" ' By Jove,—I thought you were over !' cried Lord Shoreham, laughing heartily at the recollection. ' But I say, Alfred, what the deuce did you do with that letter of mine ?'

" ' What letter ?—To Lady Catalpa ?'

" ' No, no—to my mother.'

" ' Your mother ?—Devil a word do I remember about the matter !—I took Lady Cat's myself, as an excuse for a call. If you trusted me with anything for the post, I dare say I gave it to my tiger to drop in ; and the young dog (who is apt to take a drop too much) seems to have dropped all recollection of the business.'

" ' Very unlucky !' said Lord Shoreham. ' But we must make the best of it.'

" 'By George! how they have ruined the place,' ejaculated Parson Drewe, looking round. 'How easy to see, by all these gimcracks, that a woman's finger has been in the pie;—hope it won't prove a *pigeon* pie—eh! Shoreham?—Not a chair for a fellow's legs, when he comes in from shooting; and, instead of a good comfortable rug before the fire, for man and beast to stand or lie on, a strip of velvet painted to look like a leopard's skin!—Why not a real leopard's skin at once?—Except, now I think of it, that they're all bought up for the Bloomsbury hammercloths. Tigers are sure to sport a leopard's skin.'

" 'Come, come, don't put your foot into it,' cried the young peer. 'I'll take odds that the mayor of Westerton has got one at this moment, on his family coach. But here comes Augustus. Take it coolly—for he's in a devil of a way about the britschka.'

"Barnsley felt uncomfortable; and but that his black silk stockings and white waistcoat left no pretext for retiring to dress, would have been heartily glad to get out of the room. The 'devil of a way' of a man recently taken up as disorderly in a row at the Opera, excited fearful surmises in his mind. What, therefore, was his surprise when, the library door having opened an inch or two and shut again, a spare, middle aged man, of formal demeanour and immovable countenance, traversed the room like clock work, seated himself gingerly in a chair, and began flipping off the dried spots of mud contracted by his nether habiliments during his journey.

" 'Well, what do the fellows say;—is it much of a smash?'—inquired the parson.

" 'Not much,' replied Augustus, in a calm, dry voice. 'We shall get back to town with it, and then it must go to Hobson, (Hobson's your man, I think?)' addressing his nephew, 'and be done up. The linings are ruined, and the scratch can't be got out without varnishing.'

"Barnsley, startled by the quiet apathy of the modern dare-devil, was shocked to perceive the proverb reversed, and that for 'Nunky pays for all,' was in future to be read 'nephew.'—He almost shuddered when he thought of the hundred and forty-two thousand pounds to be transferred on the morrow!

" 'We have but five minutes to dress for dinner,' said Lord Shoreham, deferring to a more convenient season any remarks he might have to make on this summary arrangement.

" 'Then I shall wait for supper!' was the quiet reply of Augustus. 'Between a journey and a meal, a bath is indispensable. Is it Lady Shoreham's custom to dine at six o'clock?'

" 'The custom of the country, I fancy.'

" 'And a deuced good custom, too!' cried Alfred. 'Shoreham, my boy! I hope you're not ass enough to have a French cook? A French cook may be a good thing in France; where the devil sends the meat, no matter where the cooks come from. But 'pon my soul, to see one of those frog-faced fellows larding a side of venison, or stewing down a fine turbot till you might card it into wool, is enough to drive one distracted.'

" 'I know nothing, at present, of the system here,' said Lord Shoreham, spoiling a fine solid glowing fire by a superfluous poke; 'but let me hear of anything French in my kitchen except truffles or capers, and out of the window it goes—neck or nothing.'

"And after a vehement, master-of-the-house-like ring, he desired the groom of the chambers to show him to his room, following him across the hall arm-in-arm with the parson; while Augustus remained stationary before the fire, gently caressing his own shins.

" 'A very fine young man, sir!' observed Barnsley, after a silent *tête-à-tête* of some minutes.

" 'Who, sir,—my brother?'—demanded Augustus in the same quiet voice.

" 'I meant Lord Shoreham,' said Barnsley, with a patronizing smile, amazed at the gentleman's dulness. 'I had the honour of knowing the late lord well.'

" 'Sir, you have the advantage of me:—I never knew any one less!' observed Augustus, as impassive as before, but beginning to stroke his chin instead of his legs.

" 'Have you brought down anything new, sir?'—demanded Barnsley, after another trying pause.

" 'Nothing but a pair of pumps,' replied Augustus Drewe, as drily as ever.

" 'You misunderstand me, my dear sir,' said Barnsley; 'I wished to inquire if here was anything new in town when you left it?'

"'Asparagus is in, and, I fancy, sea-kail,' replied Augustus vacantly; and Barnsley perceiving at length that he was mystified, and doubtful whether to resent as an affront what might be only the common-place of an eccentric, like 'Gus,' wisely took up the newspaper to screen his irritation.'"

His lordship's adventures and those of his honourable uncles are admirably in keeping with this introduction. Shoreham, after a series of low indulgences, marries Lady Catalpa—a lady whose character is the worse for wear; Gus winds up in the Bench, where he is now "a resident of some years standing;" and his brother, "the parson," may be seen "any day of the three hundred and sixty-five, sauntering, with his hands in his pockets on the pier at Calais."

With proper attention to etiquette we have spoken of the lords, and ladies, and honourables first, but in the story they by no means occupy the foremost place, and are indeed throughout rather episodical personages. The real interest of the narrative rests with John Barnsley, Esq., a retired lawyer of considerable landed property, who cannot shake off his old habits, and will be "the man of business," and with his beautiful and high-minded daughter, Margaret, who is "*noble comme les rois*," not merely by that indisputable title "*des beaux yeux*," but by other titles that surpass all creations and parchments, however ancient—a lofty generosity and a pure nobility of soul. The progress of this young lady, from a retiring bashful country girl to a calm self-possessed woman of fashion, the rage of a London season, whose intoxicating incense has no effect on the purity and gentleness of her mind, is described with great skill, and with all a woman's delicacy of perception in such matters. But it is when a sudden change comes over this splendid dream—when the wealth of her father has flown away on the wings of his own follies—his ambition to be rising, his determination to be bustling and doing business—that the character of Margaret shines forth with all its beauty and dignity. The brilliant heiress becomes a true heroine in adversity, and by her perfect self-sacrifice to her father, who has few qualities to endear him beyond that of being her parent, she draws tears to the eyes which she had dazzled before. It is a long time since we read anything more affecting than the third volume of this novel. The sorrows in it are of that description which goes home to the hearts of all of us, and they are narrated with admirable truth and simplicity. Even in the tragical scenes which lead to Barnsley's death by his own hands there is no rant—no stage declamation—no trick, but all is deep, stern, and unaffected, almost in the manner of the great Crabbe.

If we were to offer any complaint, (and critics must complain of something,) we should say that poor Barnsley, who was a great deal more sinned against than sinning, is rather too hardly dealt with, and that Margaret's tardy reward is somewhat insufficient, inasmuch as her old lover, whom she marries when he is a widower with a family of children, seems to us a stiff, proud, cold-blooded fellow, and his pride, his besetting sin, does not appear to have been sufficiently corrected by misfortunes. Besides, he had married one wife for interest, and did not deserve a second for love—and such a wife as Margaret. Although there is a marriage, the denouement strikes us as an unhappy one, and we don't like novels to end unhappily. It is bad enough to see virtue indifferently rewarded in actual life. Let us make it happy where we can.

In the case of a writer so long and deservedly popular as Mrs. Gore, our recommendation is scarcely needed, but yet we will recommend, candidly and without stint, these volumes to an attentive perusal. They contain much to instruct and improve, and nothing unsound or objectionable. Considering the author's sex, her keen perceptions of the real and rough business of life occasionally excites our surprise. She has evidently studied mankind in other places and among other subjects than drawing-rooms and London coteries.

Chapters on Early English Literature. By J. H. HIPPISEY, Esq. M.P.

Although no nation is richer in excellent materials for such works, England is, on the whole, rather poor in literary history; and what we particularly want are a few concise treatises on the subject, a few books of ready reference, such as the French possess in great abundance, and of very various degrees of merit. Warton's work on our poets, particularly in the last edition, enriched by the invaluable introduction, and illustrated by the excellent notes of the late Mr. Price, is an excellent contribution; Thomas Campbell's selection, with his introductory essay, though occasionally careless and incorrect in the historical part, are also highly valuable; and Mr. Hallam's volumes, which are now in the course of publication, and which relate not merely to poetry, but to the history of our literature generally, bid fair to fill up a gap in the brightest and most glorious portion of our annals. We augur as much from the industry, learning, sagacity, and rightmindedness, of that excellent author and most estimable man. But still we believe that there are parts of the subject not suited to the nature of Mr. Hallam's mind, and that his book, however good, (and it is sure to be excellent in parts,) will leave something to be done by other writers. The subject, indeed, is too vast for any one single intellect. But when several have contributed, each that portion which the turn of his mind, and the nature of his leading studies best qualify him to discuss, then we shall have the condensed materials of a perfect history of English literature, and shall only require, for the sake of those who have not leisure for the reading of many books, an intelligent and tasteful compiler, to take from each what is most valuable, and reduce the whole to system and order in one work. The object of the author of these chapters on the formation of our language, and the history of our literature from the time of Chaucer to that of Shakspeare, has been not to collect new matter, but to give a *precis* of the old for the use of young people; and he has selected from the works of Warton, Campbell, and many others less known or accessible, such matter as may lead the mind to a consideration of some of the more important topics which the pursuit offers. He states this in his introduction fairly, and with an unaffected modesty which gains our esteem.

"The well-informed reader," he says, "who has already been abundantly supplied with works of professed antiquaries, scholars, or critics, will discover in the following pages little either of novelty or interest. It is, therefore, the author's desire, that these pages should be received, not as intended for the scholar, or the man of letters, but as originating from a belief that some elementary knowledge on early English literature might be imparted to the young and unpractised student, in a more compendious form than has hitherto been adopted."

There is, however, a good deal more in his book than his modest announcement proclaims. There is a taste and judgment of his own, and a very valuable and somewhat rare power of compressing much information in a small space without depriving it of its spirit or amusing properties. We expect no inconsiderable improvement from the multiplication and diffusion of books of this kind. They ought to be recommended to the study of youth, who, too generally, overlook the most valuable and consoling parts of history, to crowd their minds with barren facts. The author has well expressed the value of such intellectual annals.

"The advantages of literary history as a branch of education, have scarcely been sufficiently appreciated. The improvement to be derived from such a study is twofold: on the one hand, the taste and imagination are cultivated by selections from authors otherwise prolix, or occasionally even impure on the other, the mind of the reader is awakened to one, at least, of the most important branches of history—the moral and intellectual history of mankind. In the pursuit of this latter subject of

inquiry, the most trivial, as well as the most sublime authors, have their value; and brief accounts, or short abstracts, are often equivalent to the study of entire volumes. Sometimes, the intellectual character of a particular period is to be collected from the nature and subject matter of the works themselves; in other instances, those very works undesignedly occupy the province of history, and exhibit to us a curious portraiture of cotemporary manners: and in this view the mediæval poets of Europe are especially valuable."

Our author's scrupulous rejection of every thought and word that has the least taint of indelicacy would subject him to the imputation of fastidiousness, were it not borne in mind that his book is chiefly intended for the young. We are proud to agree with him in believing that the moral tone of society in England has been higher than in the south of Europe, but he claims too much in asserting, or implying, that the fair sex were always scandalised at coarseness of language and indecent incidents. He forgets the old dramatists—the play-wrights of Charles II.'s time, to which we know the ladies of England listened without remorse. It is true, they wore for a time silk masks whenever they went to the play-house, but these visors cannot shield their delicacy from suspicion. But even long after the days of the profligate Charles—in the days of the good Queen Anne and the Georges, even down to a part of the reign of George III.,—scenes and dialogues were produced on the English stage before the most honoured dames of the land that would not have been tolerated in some of the most dissolute countries on the continent. At the same time our popular songs—our novels, were frequently broad and coarse enough! Our purity and refinement in this respect are comparatively of a very recent date.

We hope that our virtue has kept pace with our improvement in outward decency. Some doubts are entertained as to the fact, but on reflection we are inclined to believe that the shadow is not unattended by the real substance.

Mr. Hippisley's account of the life of Chaucer seems to us exceedingly able. Considering the narrow limits he has allowed himself, he has done a great deal towards the clearing up of former doubts, and the reconciling of contradictory statements. In this part much of the ingenuity seems to be entirely his own, unborrowed from other sources. His criticisms on that great father of our poetry are elegant and instructive: his happy *resumé* of the "Canterbury Tales" may be read with advantage, even by those who have studied the learned commentaries of Tyrwhitt. At the conclusion of his volume, where he draws a sensible picture of the state and prospects of our general literature, there are two short paragraphs which we quote with singular satisfaction.

"What, then, are the characteristics by which the literature of the present age is most advantageously distinguished from that of almost all preceding periods? Next to a pure tone of morals, the foremost of all advantages, must be reckoned that critical and antiquarian spirit in historical research, which we recognise, but indistinctly, and only in some rare instances, amongst ancient classic authors; and which, in our country, does not appear before the days of Leland, scarcely before those of Camden, Selden, and Dugdale. This laborious exactness, fostered as it has been, as well by religious controversy as by the study of physical science, can only be rendered available, through the facilities afforded to us, towards the preservation and inspection of ancient documents, by the art of printing. Wherever we cast our thoughts abroad, and into whatever train of ideas we may fall, in comparing the present with the past intellectual condition of the world, to this powerfully effective art, and to its consequence, by one channel or another, we must inevitably revert; and indeed, if there is one circumstance more than any other, in which the literature of the present age displays an undoubted pre-eminence over that of every preceding period, it is not, generally speaking, so much in the advancement, as in the diffusion, of knowledge. It would seem decreed, as if by an overruling Providence, that the treasures, which in past ages were within the reach only of the wealthy and the learned, should be generally, though gradually, imparted to all

classes of society. That such, at least, is the inevitable tendency of the facilities now afforded to all ranks, both of obtaining books and of receiving instruction, must be admitted by all, who do not perceive dark clouds gathering from some unknown and undefined quarter in our apparently bright horizon; or who do not view, in prospect, the incursion of barbarians from some southern or western hive."

The History of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland, comprising the Civil History of the Province of Ulster from the Accession of James the First: with a Preliminary Sketch of the Progress of the Reformed Religion in Ireland during the Sixteenth Century. And an Appendix, consisting of Original Papers. By JAMES SEATON REID, D.D. M.R.I.A.

This is the second volume of a work of laborious research, and of very considerable ability. The sources whence the historical information is derived, are marked out with very laudable care. The author has confined his attention exclusively to the affairs of Ulster, and has added considerably to the history of that province during the great civil war and the protectorate, when it was the scene of some of the most important events which happened in Ireland. At a later and still more momentous period, the revolution, which freed us for ever from the tyranny and imbecility of the house of Stuart, was consummated on the plains of Ulster, and it has entered into Dr. Reid's plan to trace more minutely, than preceding writers had done, the rise and progress of that successful resistance to the arbitrary government of James the Second, for which the cause of liberty was greatly indebted, among others, to the Presbyterian church of Ireland. Many details are given of the memorable siege of Derry, which we do not remember to have met with in any other work. A common danger, and a thorough agreement in one great object, softened the recollections of bitter enmities, which were comparatively of recent date, and introduced the great principle of mutual toleration. During the siege, the cathedral being the only place of worship within the walls, was occupied by both parties on the sabbath—the Episcopalians in the morning, and the Presbyterians afterwards: the latter entering at twelve had two sermons there, besides two or three other meetings in other parts of the city. In their assemblies there were considerable collections made for the relief of the poor people, and the sick and wounded soldiers. If some of this wise toleration had been extended to the Catholics of Ireland, we believe that the struggle would have been of much shorter duration, and that many thousands of lives would have been spared. But the time had not yet arrived for the general adoption of this truly healing virtue.

This work has, of course, more particular claims to the attention of the members of the church to which Dr. Reid belongs, but the impartial historian will be glad to refer to such documents, and to weigh the conduct and motives of the Presbyterians by consulting their own accounts of them, as well as the frequently conflicting relations of the episcopal party. The appendix to the present volume contains much interesting matter, taken from the state papers in Dublin Castle, and from unpublished manuscripts in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh, and the British Museum.

Regimental Coventry as it is at present acted upon in the British Army.

By JAMES CONNELL, Assistant-Surgeon of the 3rd, or "King's Own," Regiment of Light Dragoons.

This work in some respects deserves to be classed among the "Curiosities of Literature." Except a book or two of that strange original, Philip Thicknesse, Esq., governor of Landguard Fort, and "unfortunately (as he used to say of himself) father of Lord Audley," we hardly know anything that can be compared to it. It consists of two goodly octavo volumes, treating of nothing in the world else than the how and wherefore Mr. Assistant Surgeon Connell of the 3rd Light Dragoon Guards was sent to Coventry by his brother officers of the said 3rd Light Dragoons. But all the mischief is not yet out. Mr. Connell began with the intention of telling his story in one volume, but finding the subject grow on his hands, he wrote two, and now, at the end of the second volume, he tells us that it will take two more volumes to complete his narrative. Four volumes all about an assistant-surgeon being sent to Coventry! Why we have histories of empires condensed in a narrower space.

We fear that the Light Dragoons will find this heavy reading, but it certainly behoves some of the 3rd to examine the books, and, after pausing and pondering thereon, to reply, if they can, in a manner more or less public, to Mr. Connell's charges against them. We cannot pretend to decide on the merits of the case, but it *does* appear that the author has met with harsh and ungenerous treatment, and has indeed been made the object of a malicious and most enduring persecution, so organised, and carried into effect in all sorts of times and places, as to make one almost believe that the gallant 3rd thought of nothing else but how they should destroy their doctor. The details given by Mr. Connell become imposing and even amusing, (at least, on reflection, and when the toil of reading is over,) from their very number and length. Though interested by most matters relating to the army, we little thought, on opening these volumes, that we should read them through; but on entering into the story our curiosity was excited—by degrees we felt more interested by the matter-of-fact narrative than we should have thought possible, and we read the two volumes to an end without missing a single sentence—not excepting even some doubtful French, and still more doubtful Spanish, with which the assistant-surgeon has garnished his (sometimes *very odd*) English. We fancy that there are some *patient* readers of the army (the officers of the 3rd ought to do it for self-defence) that will peruse the work, and give it a calm consideration. Portions of it certainly demand the serious attention of the potentials at the Horse Guards; but yet, liable as it is to gross abuse, we scarcely see how they can wholly prevent the practice complained of.

Cambridge Crepuscular Diversions, and Brooding before Bed Time.

ALPHA.

This *jeu d'esprit* is not a bad specimen of Cantab trifling. It contains a very erudite discourse on the origin, evidence, and etymology of "seediness;" and an historical and critical dissertation on the title of "wooden spoon,"—a distinction given in the university to that candidate for honours who has been *least* led astray in the ways of mathematics; but the jewel of the *fasciculus* is a learned conversation on the derivation of pancakes. We will give it entire, modestly premising with an etymon of our own, which has not been adopted without grave conside-

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ration. In French, pancakes are called pancouks, an evident corruption of Vancook, a burgomaster of Amsterdam, who flourished in the early part of the fourteenth century, and was distinguished by his numerous inventions in cookery.—See *Pancirolus on Lost Arts*.

"G. We were discussing the derivation of the orthodox dainty of this day: 'pancake.'

"S. Pancake? why there's little room for discussion there, the word of course comes from $\pi\acute{\alpha}\nu$ and $\kappa\alpha\kappa\acute{o}\nu$, because they are eaten on a day when we were shriven from all our evil.

"L. Or because, perhaps, everything that's bad enters into them as a compound, for I find them very unwholesome.

"G. If you're on that cue, you may say, if you please, because in Ireland and in the North, they toss them up the chimney, and they come down again defiled with soot and all manner of dirt.

"But a truce to these sort of conjectures, you are as bad as my wise neighbours in hall.—I see you are, like them, going down in a diving-bell, to find what is floating on the top of the water. But you must make another attempt, that will never do.

"S. Yes, but it will though, and I believe it is the right one, for I am supported by the analogy of the Latin; $\pi\acute{\alpha}\gamma\kappa\alpha\kappa\acute{o}\varsigma$ like $\pi\alpha\upsilon\omicron\upsilon\rho\gamma\acute{o}\varsigma$ signifies *vafer*; now if we suppose $\pi\acute{\alpha}\gamma\kappa\alpha\kappa\acute{o}\nu$ to have been a word used among the Greeks as another name to signify that mixture of flour and oil, which they also called $\lambda\acute{\alpha}\gamma\alpha\upsilon\omicron\nu$, it is easy to imagine that the Romans in bringing the delicacy from Greece introduced the name as well, which after a time they translated into its Latin meaning 'vafer;' and hence is our name *wafer* given to a flat round cake of the same sort; this I think puts the derivation beyond a doubt.

"L. Well, you certainly trace it to its real origin, the frying-pan, when you look for it in *grease*; but I think your ingenuity is wasted, and as Grubb has been pleased to jeer, I'll just tell you at once what the true derivation is. I wonder really you were so blind as not to see at first that —

"G. Stop, my gentleman, you're too matter o' fact, puss must not be liberated just yet; I must first tell you what the other conjectures were; one gave the derivation you have suggested; another contested that it was from $\Pi\acute{\alpha}\nu$ *pastorum Deus*, the god of Lycæus, and $\kappa\alpha\chi\acute{\alpha}\zeta\omega$, because they were once introduced at the *Lupercalia*, and by the novelty of the offering, might make the rustic go to *laugh*; or $\Pi\acute{\alpha}\nu$ and $\chi\acute{\epsilon}\omega$ and $\kappa\alpha\acute{\iota}\omega$ as another offered for an amendment, because when Pan tried to make them for himself, being not a proficient cook, he generally burnt them. A third man would have $\chi\acute{\epsilon}\omega$ for $\kappa\alpha\acute{\iota}\omega$ because he, having seen them made, knew well they were first in a fluid state, and that the cook poured them when thus liquid into the implement that fried them. Others seemed to be taxing their ingenuity, and perhaps our patience, with finding more plausible methods of connecting and the rest of the compound, when a new hint was suggested; for a man who sat next but one to me, bawled across a silent eating man, who sat between us, that the derivation he knew was from 'Panchæa,' a place in Arabia Felix, which producing many other delicacies, might rank this among the number; which being the most precious of its bounties could $\kappa\alpha\tau'$ $\acute{\epsilon}\xi\omicron\chi\eta\nu$ monopolize the name of its native land.

"S. Not so bad of him, for he could have taken Maro for his authority; Panchæa in the Georgics is called '*Panchaia pinguis*,' an evidence of its notoriety for such a fatty produce.

"G. It was just that gentleman's authority that he took; for being a man ready at quotations, and particularly well up with his Virgil, he quoted from the fourth Georgic.

'Part epulis onerant mensas, et plena reponunt
Pocula;—*Panchaia* adolescent ignibus aræ,'

which latter part he translated, 'The grate is all in a blaze with the flames of the pancake;' such being evidently, as he said, the rendering of Panchæan flames, especially as we learn from the context that they are getting ready something good for the dinner-table.

"L. They had but an indifferent beverage, however, if we understand the words that follow to refer to bowls of Cape Madeira:

'Cape Maonii carchesia Bacchi;'

but I beg pardon for that; it's only *obiter*.

"S. Very good, Lobb, and not out of place here; it shows off well, both your ready wit and your reading.

"G. True; but I've more to tell you before we get to the climax, or into the jelly-bag of the joke, which I see I must bring you to as quickly as possible, for the cat appears to be already scratching at the bag for an exeat.

"S. Not at all, Grubb, you're by no means tedious.

"G. Well, then, the silent young gentleman who sat at my left at length spoke; he was a better sort of *gourmand*, and this accounted for his silence, for his fish had not till now been dispatched; and the last *bonne bouche* vanished almost simultaneously with his taciturnity. He gave it for his decided opinion that Pancake owed its title to the fact of its being a sort of *Panacea*, a general remedy for the ill effects of fasting, a stock of solid nourishment laid in to prevent starvation, during the days of abstinence that follow Shrove Tuesday; a *Panacea*, in fact, as good food always is, against the unpleasant symptoms that follow the going without any at all. He quoted something from Pliny to prove this, and something I think from Lucan, but I forget what; at all events he thought that he had well proved his point; and in the height of his self complacency rubbed his hand famously, and called to the waiter to bring 'A plate of pancakes, lemon, and brown sugar,' which feeding upon, he relapsed into his original silence. Of all the other conjectures that I can remember, there is but one other good one. A man who did not set up for a classic, asserted that pancakes were bread seals, for he traced the derivation from the French, *pain*, bread, and *cachet*, a seal, being, as he asserted, merely bread which had taken the circular form of a seal from the shape of the machine in which it was cooked: a modern etymology which sounded quite tame after the classical ones we had been treated with.

"L. Well, and what was the upshot of it all?

"G. While we were all wondering at the many derivations the word would bear, and quite undecided which to select; one of our party exclaimed with some vehemence, 'Who shall tell me why this is called a Pancake?' when a rough jocund voice behind me humbly answered with a smile, 'Why my wife and I calls 'em pancakes 'cause they be *cakes* frizzed in a *pan*!' and turning round I traced the sound to the lips of a waiter, generally the most forward among his fellows, and who hearing this exclamation, with none of our previous discourse, simply set the matter at rest, and outwitted us and all our classic erudition. You may imagine we looked at each other and wondered till we smiled, and smiled till we all joined in a general laugh at ourselves and each other.'

It is a remarkable fact, and one which makes us reflect seriously on the vicissitudes of human tastes and all mundane affairs, that there is not, properly speaking, a single pun in the whole course of these Cambridge diversions. Drinking, too, seems gone out of fashion as much as punning. No more strong ale at breakfast, no more roaring suppers! And talking of this reminds us of a mathematical toper of former times, who, on being detected one night, with his eyes fixed on the ceiling, was asked what he was thinking about. "I am thinking," said he, "of that Being whose approbation is in inverse proportion to the quantum of brandy-punch I am swallowing."

One of these crepuscular interlocutors concludes a discourse with equal truth and solemnity.

"It certainly must be an expensive thing to give our wits a holiday at a supper party, if it costs us the use of a night first, and a whole day afterwards; and imposes on a man, moreover, the tax of self-hatred, and the burden of a heavy head and unhappy heart. Yes, drunkenness I find reduces a man first to an equality with a brute, and brings him down gradually, until it ultimately levels him with a lettuce."

My Book, or the Anatomy of Conduct. By HENRY SKELTON.

"My Book" is decidedly the greatest book that has appeared since the book of "Etiquette." We do not mean the work which made such a stir between two great publishing houses in the city and gave employ-

ment to the lawyers, whose manners, we are informed, have been much improved in consequence of having their attention directed to a code of politeness more peremptory than the Pandects and more laconic than the Code Napoléon—no! we do not mean this work but an earlier one—an elder brother by some ten or twelve months—in short, the “Book,” *par excellence*—“THE BOOK OF ETIQUETTE.”

In some respects “My Book” is even a greater work than the immortal “Book of Etiquette.” It is twice as big, and it takes care not only of our manners but our morals, our stomachs, and our immortal parts. All these are woven together and intermixed in the most striking way. Hints about quadrilles are immediately followed by instructions relating to the church service: a discourse on whist is closely followed by another on conscience; instructions to a lover are coupled with a talk about smoking; a sermon upon death is succeeded by a treatise on duelling; an article on the magistracy is followed by one upon chess; phrenology walks hand in hand with suicide, and rules for making a devil stand out in bold relief from the midst of a volume containing extracts of sermons and aphorisms of the most approved morality. The author tells us, in his preface, that for years, when he has observed anything amiss, he has remarked that when his book should make its appearance all that sort of thing would be discontinued. In a mind of smaller calibre this might look like vanity and presumption, but he knows his own mighty *bore*, and he is quite right—from this day forward all the vices of society, from the eating with knives to the seducing of innocent maidens, will cease and be forgotten of men.

And who is this great author? We know not; but the name on the title-page is evidently a *nom de guerre*, assumed out of sheer modesty. We can just make out, from the frequent and familiar way in which he mentions that monarch, that he was a very particular friend of George IV.

He is sometimes rather absolute in his dicta; but this is a defect which persons of high rank are apt to fall into when laying down the law. For instance, some people don't like sherry, and a great many more who do, have no sherry to take; yet he says in the most decisive tone, “*Take sherry with your fish.*” He has a patrician horror of that very insignificant and very useless class, called citizens, or, more elegantly, *cits*. The following passages sufficiently show that he is a personage accustomed to move in none but the highest circles.

“When the meat is on the table the champagne may appear, not before; it is not orthodox. When the *cit* gives a dinner, he calls for champagne at the outset, pledges you with the first course, and *you are drunk* ere the last dish appears.”

“An officer in India, who had just been raised from the ranks for his gallantry, being invited to the governor's table, was asked by the governor's lady, as a marked compliment, to take wine. ‘No, ma'am, I thank you,’ replied the unsophisticated hero, ‘I never takes wine, but I'm a tiger at beer.’”

“Should vegetables be before you, do not make so much ado about their distribution, as if the dish contained turtle or venison. *Let vegetables be asked for.*”

“Earn the reputation of being a good carver; it is a weakness to pretend superiority to an art in such constant requisition, and on which so much enjoyment depends. You must not crowd the plate, send only a moderate quantity, with fat and gravy; in short, whatever you may be carving, serve others as if you were helping yourself; this may be done with rapidity if the carver takes pleasure in his province, and endeavours to excel. It is cruel and disgusting to send a lump of meat to any one: if at the table of a friend it is offensive; if at your own, unpardonable; no refined appetite can survive it—

“ ‘Give no more to ev'ry guest,
Than he's able to digest;
Give him always of the prime,
And but little at a time.’

"The person carving must bear in mind that a knife is a saw, by which means it will never slip, and should it be blunt, or the meat be overdone, he will succeed neatly and expertly, while others are unequal to the task. For my part, I have been accustomed to think I could carve any meat, with any knife; but lately, in France, I have found my mistake, for the meat was so overdone, and the knives so blunt, that the little merit I thought I possessed completely failed me. Such was never the case with any knife I ever met with in England.

"Pity that there is not a greater reciprocity in the world! How much would France be benefited by the introduction of our cutlery and woollens, and we by much of its produce!

"When the finger-glass is placed before you, you must not drink the contents."

This necessary and invaluable advice is followed by the section on making devils, and on what the learned author technically calls "*Table Cookery*." It is excellent, but we should think his wild ducks something of the hottest.

"Some science may be displayed in *table cookery*, and some credit gained by it. To make a devil, use the spices with a heavy hand, and forget not the anchovy; but this should be seen to be done well; our friend John Bull excelled in this—God bless the social being, his handsome, honest, worthy countenance, and his twelve children! But to return. To the quarter of lamb spare not the cayenne and lemon, with cold butter. To the *wild duck*, also, to produce the proper flavour, you can hardly use the red pepper too plentifully, if well mixed with lemon and gravy; then pour over a little boiling port; on judgment depends the excellence of the relish; but in truth, what does not depend upon judgment and taste, whether in dress, in the state, or at the table?"

Dear reader, mind and leave a card where you have dined. Our author is very impressive on this head.

"It is a sad dereliction—after finding time to partake the luxuries and hospitality of your friend's table, to neglect, or even defer, leaving your card. On no account omit this beyond the day or two, or at the farthest *the Sunday* following the entertainment in which you have participated."

We suspect that the seventh day of the week is mentioned, because persons of our author's rank are pretty sure to be disengaged on that day, while little clerks and shop-boys are confined to the desk and counter. He is evidently in the habit of paying his visits in *busses*, for he talks a great deal about these fashionable vehicles. His instruction on this head may save many a broken nose.

"Before a person enters an omnibus, he should desire the conductor not to allow the vehicle to go on till he be seated; and when alighting, never pay while on the steps—first gain a sure footing on terra firma. Many frightful accidents are continually taking place, from this indecision and heedlessness."

But this is not all he has to say about *busses*. We beg his pardon, omnibii—for he tells us that such abbreviations as bus and cab are 'very low,' and he delights in a latin plural. He is so familiar with the use of the land arks, that he has made perhaps the most philosophical of all his discoveries in them. "Half the men," he says, "mumble, and all the women lisp," never having opened their mouths through the whole of their career; and he proposes, that in order to cure this defect, they should all be sent to rattle over the stones in Shillibeer's noisy conveyances. "To talk aloud in an omnibus," says he, "above the noise of the vehicle, would be excellent practice, as the natural emphasis always falls correctly." Claiming the privileges of his high rank, our author takes great liberties with the king's English—but perhaps it is fashionable, in the society he moves in, to marry singular nouns with plural verbs, and *vice-versa*. At all events, he does so repeatedly.

We have seen how brilliant and practically useful he is on the subject of dinners and devils, but, if possible, he is still more eloquent and instructive when treating of balls and *soirées*.

"Soirées are more economical than dinner parties,—and give greater satisfaction to the younger branches of your friends and acquaintance;—less wine is drunk at them—more innocent mirth reigns,—which will better bear the reflection of the morrow. They may be given to produce some eclat,—as—in one room—cards,—in another—music,—and in a third—dancing,—and for the bright enactment of the pageant, supper should be announced in a fourth *salon*, at one o'clock precisely;—the coffee, &c. during the evening being carried round at stated intervals,—that the servants may not be continually in the room to the great annoyance of the company.

"A good bed-room may be turned, at little expense, into a beautiful dancing-room, in the manner following,—take an even number of stripes of calico—blue and white, highly glazed,—let them be put up alternately in breadths, fluted from the floor to the ceiling,—covering the windows; the doors may be taken off, and scarlet cloth hung up to cover the entrance, which the hand easily puts aside, to gain admittance,—and it has the advantage of deadening the sound in the adjoining rooms, as singing and dancing—each delightful in its way—do not accord *ensemble*. Or the coloured and white calico may be drawn alternately to a radius in each compartment of the room with a bracket and bouquet of flowers in the centre: and with a handsome lamp suspended from the ceiling, large enough to light the whole room, and forms around the walls,—you have a very handsome room—with something like the effect of a tent.

"With forethought and attention everything may be done well;—but, in party-giving—set about the thing in good time,—leave it not to the last. Invitations should be sent by hand a month before the appointed day; or should it take place about Christmas,—or in the season when many parties are on the *tapis*,—give even a longer notice, that you may not be disappointed of your expected friends. It is matter of regret—after much trouble and outlay of expense, if you have not a company to partake your hospitality;—beware only of magnificent display;—else—some of your friends—who have ate and drunk to repletion at your cost,—when returning home '*impleti veteris Bacchi*,' may allow the entertainment was delightful,—the amusements charming and various,—but 'what do you think—ha, ha—I hope he can afford it!'"

Reader, should you get into a row at a ball, instead of proceeding at once to blows, you must speak to the "master of the ceremonies," the noble author of "My Book," says so. If you ask us what should be done where there is no such functionary, we should say, call in the police. We believe that there is still a master of the ceremonies, in a laced coat and powdered head, at the Mansion House, and a master of the ceremonies in a black coat and tights, at Margate; but we do not remember to have seen such an officer anywhere else, though we have heard obscure hints of there still being one at Brighton, and another at Cheltenham, but both deprived of their real functions—*hors de combat*—nothing but a name. Our experience, however, is very limited; we know little or nothing of the fashionable world of Houndsditch or the Minories, and were never at a quality ball in Wapping in our lives. But let us attend to the advice of our experienced guide.

"Should any misunderstanding arise between parties, refer the matter at once to the master of the ceremonies: like the second in a duel, his dicta is law, by virtue of his pre-admitted authority; which authority you tacitly sanction, by your presence on the occasion.

"The rule that obliges ladies not to reject one partner for the dance in favour of another,—when the formula of introduction has been properly observed, and it is ascertained that at that time she has no previous engagement, is obviously founded in reason and good sense;—for the women, dear capricious souls!—with their droll prejudices and predilections, what endless broils, in all innocence, might they not induce;—how easily might they be the unintentional means of our hearts being pierced by other weapons than Cupid's!

"The gentleman should be careful in the *Pastorale* and *Trénise* to conduct his partner to the opposite couple in a graceful manner, not permitting her to take her

place unattended ; nor should the cavalier in the *pas seul* twist round in that or at any other time in the dance ; such movement, which is pretty on the part of the lady, is far from graceful in the male ; but the study of "My Book," from which he may gain a few hints, and the additional advantage, that to his own deportment it will call attention, he may turn out in the end something more than 'marble from the quarry ;' this depends on himself—his observing faculties—his power of adaptation and retention."

Were it not from a conscientious fear of picking too many plums from this delectable pudding, we would go on delighting our reader with extracts richer and richer ; but we must have done, with one little bit more, which is rather a currant than a plum. Our author winds up a discourse on last wills and testaments, by expressing a hope that some dying sinner will endow a public bath, so enable him to get a clean skin without paying for it. "There are," says he, "various bathing-places in London, *where money is required at the entrance*—I hope to see the day when baths are open to the public 'Free, gratis, for nothing.'"

English Pleasure Carriages ; their Origin, History, Varieties, Materials, Construction, Defects, Improvements, and Capabilities. By WILLIAM BRIDGES ADAMS.

To all persons who purchase, hire, or are in the habit of using wheeled conveyances, whether chariot, barouche, britschka, phaeton, cabriolet, tilbury, stanhope, this will be a very acceptable and useful book. To builders it is indispensable. The author is not a mere theorist and projector, but a practical experienced man—one brought up to the art and mystery of coach-making, but gifted with too much talent and taste to follow in the old routine of his business without trying to improve it. In addition to this he has been a great traveller, and has had opportunities of observing the vehicles used in different countries, and of studying the capabilities and comparative advantages or disadvantages of nearly every possible species of carriage. The result of all this has been a series of inventions and improvements in his art which are now made public property by means of his ingenious book and the numerous engravings which illustrate it.

Notwithstanding some errors of construction, English carriages have long been the best in the world ; and we trust that, from the general march of intelligence and from the excellent scientific principles here laid down, there will be a great and rapid improvement in this branch of our industry. This progress must also be accelerated by the growing prosperity of the country, which allows all classes and conditions of men to make a frequent use of, if not to keep, some kind of vehicle or other. Mr. Bridges is not aristocratically exclusive ; he devotes as much attention to the omnibus, pony-chaise, and railway-carriage, as to the most splendid conveyance of the rich and great, and his inventions and suggestions are calculated to add to the occasional comfort and advantage of every man in the land. With our very imperfect skill in mechanics, and without the assistance of his plans and diagrams, we fear (even had we room) that we should cut but an indifferent figure in attempting to explain his ingenious inventions and contrivances. We must refer to the book itself, which is exceedingly well written, and—what may appear scarcely credible, considering the subject—exceedingly amusing. The first fifty or sixty pages, on the history of carriages in general, are quite a treat.

Letters to Brother John, on Life, Health, and Disease. By E. JOHNSON, Surgeon.

Our first dip into this unpretending volume was sufficient to convince us that it is the production of a man of no ordinary talent, of one who perfectly knew what he was about, and who possesses, in an eminent degree, that first qualification of a writer—the art of making himself understood. By investing these letters with an agreeable dress, and adapting them to the understanding of the general reader, he had added much to their utility. We, therefore, took the ingenious author's advice—fixed ourselves in a comfortable position—placed our legs across a chair—threw up the sash—and then read on with increasing satisfaction. The various subjects are exceedingly well managed, the functions of the several organs are so graphically described that we see each, in its proper place, and in the very act of performing its proper office. The illustrations elucidating the various phenomena of life are beautifully selected for the purpose, and the rules laid down for the preservation and recovery of health are so manifestly just, and enforced by reasoning so clear, that doubt and dissent are equally excluded; and the reader, though he may never have devoted a thought to physiological science, can hardly fail of becoming interested in the study. Notwithstanding our snarling propensities, it is at all times pleasanter to praise than condemn; and it is enlivening to our dusky solitude to have a book, like "*Letters to Brother John*," on which to pass judgment. To say more would hazard our credit, to have said less would have been unjust to the author. To enable our readers to form an opinion of the value of the book, we will offer a few remarks upon it in detail, and exhibit a few passages that they may judge of the author's style and method.

In Letter I. we have a familiar description of our bodily fabric, and in giving this he has hit upon a very novel plan. And though some may perhaps consider it somewhat too fanciful, we can nevertheless easily trace in it the wand of genius. His remarks on many of the terms which are still allowed to cast a shade on our medical nomenclature, are very pertinent; and in the propriety of the proposed substitutes we heartily concur. We have often thought it strange that the learned heads of our College of Physicians have not paid the same attention to propriety with regard to medical terms as they have ever done in relation to those of chemistry. Surely precision of language is equally desirable in one as in the other. In Letter II. we have a graphic description of the absorbents and nerves, and we cannot do better than give a short extract from that of the absorbents.

"There is, arising from every point of your body, a countless number of little vessels, which are at this moment, and every moment of your life, actively engaged in the pleasant task of eating you up. They may be compared to a swarming host of long, delicate and slender leeches, attached, by their innumerable mouths, to every point in your fabric, and having their bodies gradually and progressively united together, until they all terminate in one tail; which tail perforates the side of one of the large veins at the bottom of the neck, on the left side; so that whatever is taken in at their mouths is all emptied, by the other extremity, into that vein, where it becomes mixed with the blood contained in that vein.

"Now, my dear John, for a moment turn your eyes inward—contemplate these greedy little cormorants, complacently, if you can—observe their activity—remark their unwearied assiduity—behold the dogged perseverance, the unerring certainty, and beautiful precision, with which they are devouring you. See! mouthful after mouthful is going—going! They never tire, nor are they ever satisfied; for every atom which each mouth sucks up, and converts into fluid, is instantly conducted along the body, towards the tail, by which it is discharged into the above-mentioned

vein. Thus, though for ever feeding they are for ever hungry. It is true, they take but small mouthfuls at a time: but when it is considered, that these mouths are millions in number, and that they are never shut, but are constantly at work, night and day, you will easily see that the entire body would speedily be devoured, as it were, and carried away into the blood, if there were no contrivance to rebuild the body as fast as these little vessels eat it down and carry it off.

"These vessels, which I have just introduced to your notice, are the *absorbents*.

In Letters III. and IV. Brother John is led to the consideration of the phenomena of life and vitality. This is usually a difficult subject. He has, however, we think, happily succeeded in showing the distinction between them. The agencies of the several living actions, the due performance of which constitutes healthy life, are briefly and plainly defined. The picture of impaired contractility is so vividly drawn that we must present it.

"Let us first approach the couch of sickness. Tread lightly; for the slightest noise makes the poor sufferer start, and gives him the headache. Be careful to close the door after you; for the faintest breath of air gives him cold. See how he is shading his eyes with his hand! for the few rays of light which struggle feebly through the Venetian blind are painful to them. Observe his hand: how white and bloodless! If you take it in your own, you must handle it as you would an infant's—an ordinary pressure will make him cringe with pain. His banker has just failed, and reduced him to ruin; but you must not breathe a syllable of this in his hearing!—it would kill him. Do you observe that rope suspended over the bed from the ceiling, with a small cross-bar of wood attached to the end of it? So faint is the contractility of his muscles, that he could not, without this contrivance, raise himself in bed. Observe him, as he carries his cup of gruel to his pallid lips! Mark how the liquid quivers in the vessel! Hark, how its edge rattles against his teeth, as he applies it to his mouth! The contractile property of the muscles of his arm is so feeble, that they have not power to keep the limb steady, even while he carries nourishment to his mouth. His heart, too, *contracts* so feebly, that it cannot send the blood far enough to reach the skin. It is this which makes it so deadly pale;—it is this, too, which makes him shiver on the application of the slightest current of air.

"In the above picture you will observe two things: first, that the CONTRACTILITY of the invalid has almost entirely disappeared, leaving him powerless; and secondly, that his SENSIBILITY is so acute, that those impressions of light, sound, touch, &c., which, under ordinary circumstances, were only necessary to the enjoyment of existence, have now become sources of painful suffering; thus proving, that whenever SENSIBILITY is advanced beyond the natural standard, the sources of pain are multiplied, and those of pleasure diminished; and that wherever SENSIBILITY is excessively high, CONTRACTILITY (that is, strength) is excessively low."

Letters V. and VI. are beautifully written. The mechanism of nutrition is admirably and elaborately described. Would that our limits permitted us to prove this assertion by a longer example. He says, in page 137, while speaking of the pyloric valve—

"Let us suppose that there is, floating in the chyme, a particle of food which has not yet been sufficiently acted upon by the gastric juice. I will tell you what happens. As soon as the pyloric valve *feels* the presence of the smooth and bland chyme, it instantly opens, and allows it to pass; but no sooner does the particle of food which has not yet been reduced to chyme attempt to follow, than the valve instantly closes the aperture, and refuses its permission; this particle of food must, therefore, return to the upper part of the stomach, to be again submitted to the agency of the gastric juice, before it can be permitted to escape from the stomach into the bowels. Is not this a beautiful exemplification of the importance of the sensibility of our organs? and said I not truly, when I called it 'our guardian angel?' For what is the sensibility of the pyloric valve, by which it is enabled to distinguish between perfect and imperfect chyme?—what is it, I say, but a watchman, a sentinel, posted at the entrance into the bowels, in order to watch over their safety; to see that nothing be allowed to enter which is likely to disturb or irritate them; to take care that nothing injurious, nothing offensive, nothing which may be in any way

hostile to their safety, nothing, in fact, which has no business there, be permitted to trespass within the sacred precincts of organs so important to the health and welfare of the whole being, of which they form so vital a part?"

"What mischief, therefore, do those persons inflict upon themselves—what a wide door for the admission of all sorts of evil do those persons throw open, who, perpetually stimulating the pyloric valve by the unnatural stimuli of ardent spirit and highly-seasoned sauces, enfeeble, wear out, and eventually destroy its sensibility; so that whatever the caprice of the palate throws into the stomach, is tumbled, right or wrong, assimilated or unassimilated, good, bad, and indifferent, altogether, without let or hindrance, into the bowels!—for the sentry-box is deserted—the watchman is dead."

The opening of the sixth letter is so good, that we cannot omit it. His object is to prove that disease and premature death are *entirely* the result of our artificial condition.

"When a man, who *thinks* as well as sees, suffers his eye to range over the various minor systems which compose the one great scheme of the universe—when he looks at the planetary system, and beholds worlds whirling amid worlds in countless numbers, with inconceivable rapidity, yet *infallible precision*—when he dwells on the vegetable system, and sees myriads of plants rising from the same earth, living in the same air, warmed by the same sun, watered by the same rain, yet each differing from each, and affording, year after year, for ever, each its own peculiar product, with *unerring exactitude*—the vine the grape, the oak the acorn, the brier the rose, the foxglove its bells of blue, the holly its berries of red;—when, with more inquisitive glance, he penetrates the thicker veil with which nature has curtained the chemical world, and watches the several phenomena resulting from chemical operations—combustion, putrefaction, vegetable fermentation, &c., and observes the *unfailing certainty* with which all these render obedient homage to the one great law of affinity;—then, when he looks inward, and contemplates his *own system*—beautiful as the most beautiful, and not less worthy of Omnipotent Wisdom than the most worthy—when he looks inward, I say, and beholds there all confusion and imperfection—when he perceives that, of all the systems of nature, that of *man alone* is liable to derangement, and is the only one of all which ever fails of fulfilling its intention—when he sees, that while all others always go *right*, his own goes almost always *wrong*;—when, moreover, he reflects that his own system is the work of the same Almighty hand which fashioned and gave being to all the others—when the eye remarks all this, the mind cannot but be irresistibly struck with the anomaly; and the tongue cannot but exclaim, 'Why is this so?' How is it that the system of man—of man, the master-miracle of creation—how comes it, that the system of man is for ever going wrong, while all around him goes right?"

In Letters VII. and VIII. the causes of disease in general are pointed out and forcibly illustrated. The error of that common opinion, which supposes that health suffers from what are usually denominated the discomforts of life, is aptly denominated thus:—

"Look at the delicate and fragile plant in your garden—see how it is buffeted by the wind, and alternately scorched by the sun, and deluged by the rain, and frozen by the frost, and spattered by the mud, and brushed and bruised by the passenger's foot, yet how greenly and healthily it grows! Take it into your parlour, and warm it by the fire, and curtain it with flannel, and defend it from the cold, and the wind, and the rain, and the rude contact of the traveller's foot, and the other 'discomforts' of its out-of-door existence—what think you? Will it continue to flourish as greenly and healthily as before?"

In the ninth letter we come to the kernel of the nut—the great object of the book—the point for the establishment of which all the preceding letters were mainly written—viz. that talismanic agent by which the evils resulting from our artificial condition are to be always ameliorated, if not entirely avoided. The whole letter is pithily written, and highly argumentative, and, we must say, to us, irrefutably convincing, though in excuse of our own aberrations from this new high road to health, we would willingly pick a hole in the argument if we could. Letter X.,

containing strictures on the present state of society, we will dismiss in a very few words. It is like Bishop Berkeley's famous work—hard to be believed, and hard to be refuted.

To the *healthy*, then, we recommend this work that they may know how to preserve that which they enjoy—to the *unhealthy*, that they may learn to recover that which they have lost. The rules are few, but they are GOLDEN ONES.

Summary of Works that we have received, of which we have no space to make a lengthened notice.

Rudiments of Modern Geography, with an Appendix, for the Use of Schools. By ALEXANDER REID, A.M., Rector of the Circus-Place School, Edinburgh.—*Atlas of Modern Geography.* Same Author.—Both very cheap and very good. Excellent, indeed, for the use of juvenile schools.

Exercises in Orthography and Composition, on an entirely new plan. By HENRY HOPKINS, Conductor of a school at Birmingham.—Another good elementary book. The plan is judicious, and sure to tell.

Select Prayers for all Sorts and Conditions of Men. And the Altar Service for the Use of Country Congregations. By the Rev. S. ISAACSON, A.M.—Two very admirable little manuals, beautifully printed and got up. The chief novel feature which characterises the book of prayers, is the introduction of a visitation service, calculated to assist young ministers in their intercourse with the sick and aged portions of their flocks. Mr. Isaacson speaks with satisfaction of the general and increasing demand for such books as these: we trust his own will receive proper notice.

A Guide to the Pronunciation of the French Language; with a Progressive Course of Reading. For the Use of Schools and Private Students. By C. P. BUQUET, French Master in the Edinburgh Academy.—Like M. Buquet's preceding works, done with care and judgment. Considering the quantity of matter it contains, the book is very cheap.

A Few Observations on the Russian Fleet in the Baltic.—We cordially recommend this sensible pamphlet to the attention of those alarmists who think that Russia is going to swallow us up some fine morning before breakfast. Still, however, the Russian navy has been, and still is, rapidly increasing, and our public men must look with a most anxious care to our own. Some striking details, regarding this subject in all its bearings, will be found in Captain Slade's last work on Turkey. Captain Slade, who has recently had the very best opportunities of judging them on board their own ships, both in port and at sea, speaks confidently of a great improvement in officers and sailors among the Russians.

The Monetary Difficulties of America, and their probable Effect on British Commerce considered. By DAVID SALOMONS, Esq.—We trust that the late storm is passed, and that the United States are already recovering from its effects; but this extremely well-written pamphlet possesses an interest which will not expire with passing events. It treats of wide and unalterable principles of commercial intercourse. The author relies confidently on the immense natural resources of their country and on the energy, intelligence, and good faith of the Americans—and so do we. They are much too clever a people not to see the ruinous consequences of dishonesty. They only require a little time, as we ourselves did after the panic of 1825.

Murray's Pocket Edition of Byron.—The last volume we have received of this issue contains the five first cantos of Don Juan, which extraordi-

nary poem, containing by far the best things Byron ever wrote, is to be published, for the first time, complete and unmutilated.

The Bard. By GRAY. With Illustrations by the Hon. Mrs. JOHN TALBOT.—Not quite so beautiful as the edition of the "Elegy," published by the same house, but still a very beautiful little book. Some of Mrs. Talbot's designs are exquisite.

Pictorial Bible.—We have noticed this excellent publication so often already that we hardly know how to add to, or vary, our praise. The second volume, ending with Isaiah, is now completed. The work is unique.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

- My Book ; or, the Anatomy of Conduct. By John H. Skelton. Post 8vo. 7s. 6d.
 Horlock's Sermons on the Lord's Prayer. 8vo. 5s.
 Dick's Philosophy of a Future State. Third Edition. 12mo. 6s.
 Cecil's Remains. Eleventh Edition. Fcp. 5s.
 Memoirs of the Rev. William Newman, D.D. By George Pritchard. 8vo. 9s.
 Voyages up the Mediterranean, with Memoirs of a Midshipman. By John A. He-
 raud. Post 8vo. 10s. 6d.
 Kindness in Women. By T. H. Bayly. 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d.
 Prose and Poetical Sketches. By Mrs. Head. Fcp. 8vo. 10s.
 Uncle Horace. By Mrs. S. C. Hall. 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d.
 Martin's Colonial Library, Vol. VIII., (East Indies, Vol. I.) Fcp. 6s.
 The Sick Man's Employ and Devotional Exercises. By John Fawcett, D.D.
 12mo. 2s. 6d.
 The Christian Reader, selected and arranged by John Slater. 12mo. 5s.
 Heaven Unveiled. By J. Freeman. Second Edition. 18mo. 2s. 6d.
 Mary and Florence, or Grave and Gay. Third Edition. Fcp. 5s.
 The Child's Guide to Knowledge. By a Lady. Seventh Edition. 18mo. 3s.
 White's Abstract of Geography. Seventh Edition. 12mo. 1s.
 Intellectual Arithmetic, upon the Inductive Method. 18mo. 1s. 6d.
 Walkingame's Tutor's Assistant. 32mo. 2s.
 Hudson's Land Valuer's Assistant. 32mo. 4s.
 The Pulpit, Vol. XXX. 8vo. 7s. 6d.
 Draper's Bible Stories, (New Testament, 2 vols.) 32mo. new edition. 3s. 6d.
 Macreight's Manual of British Botany. Fcp. 7s. 6d.
 Saunders on the Care of the Teeth. New edition. 18mo. 3s. 6d.
 Paul's Practical Observations on Costiveness. 8vo. 5s.
 Cruchley's Picture of London. Third edition. 18mo. 4s. 6d.
 Reid's Atlas of Modern Geography. 8vo. 7s.
 Buquet's Guide to French Pronunciation. 12mo. 3s.
 Encyclopædia Britannica. Second edition. Vol. XV. Part II. 4to. 18s.
 Russell's Modern Europe. New edition, brought down to 1837. 4 vols. 8vo.
 2l. 12s.
 Sketches in Prose and Poetry. By K. H. Fcap. 10s.
 Britton's Lincoln Cathedral. 10 Plates. Medium 4to. 1l. 5s. royal 4to. 1l. 11s. 6d.
 Westwood's Enlarged Edition of Drury's Exotic Entomology. 3 vols. 4to.
 6l. 16s. 6d.
 Fulford's Plain Sermons, with Preface. 8vo. 9s.
 Wesley's Select Letters, with Memoir. 12mo. 3s. 6d.
 Jackson's Lives of Early Methodist Preachers. Vol. I. 12mo. 5s.
 Jackson's Library of Christian Biography. 18mo. Vol. I. (Watts.) 5s.
 Lardner's Cyclopædia. Vol. XCIV. (Domestic Economy, Vol. II.) Fcap. 6s.
 Early Lessons on Moral and Religious Duties. 18mo. 2s. 6d.
 Alston's Gospel of St. Matthew for the Blind. 4to. 5s. 6d.
 Alston's Gospel of St. Mark for the Blind. 4to. 4s.
 Tyler's Shooter's Manual. 12mo. 1s. 6d.
 List of Queen Victoria's First Parliament. 18mo. 6s.

- Foster's Law of Wills Amendment Act. 12mo. 2s.
 The Law of Bills of Exchange, &c. By C. W. Johnson. 12mo. 7s.
 Mrs. Frazer's Practice of Cookery. 12mo. 4s.
 Low's List of the House of Commons. 18mo. 1s. 6d.
 Sequel to Porquet's Trésor. New edition. 12mo. 3s. 6d.
 Bateman's Orchidaceæ of Mexico and Guatemala. Part I. folio, col. plates. 2l. 2s.
 Rudiments of Physiology. By the late J. Fletcher, M.D., &c.; edited by R. Lewins, M.D., &c. 8vo. 19s.
 Prize Thesis, on the Presence of Air in the Organs of Circulation. By J. R. Cormack, M.D. 8vo. 1s. 6d.
 Dr. Bennet on the Physiology and Pathology of the Brain. 8vo. 2s. 6d.
 Charge. By the Rev. F. Hodgson, Archdeacon of Derby, 1837. 4to. 2s.
 The Old Commodore. By the Author of "Rattlin the Reefer." 3 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d.
 First Principles of Medicine. By A. Billing, M.D. Second Edition. 8vo. 6s.
 The Naturalist's Library, Vol. XIX. (Swainson's Birds of Africa, Vol. II.) 12mo. 6s.
 The Despatches, &c. of the Marquis Wellesley. Vol. V. 8vo. 1l. 5s. (completing the work.)
 Simpson's Plea for Religion. A new edition, edited by his Son, with the Life, by Sir J. B. Williams. Fscap. 8vo. 7s. 6d.
 The Book of Psalms, a New Translation. By W. Walford. 8vo. 15s.
 St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans, explained in Simple Language. By G. B. 12mo. 3s.
 Wyld's Map of the London and Birmingham Railroad. Folded, 2s. 6d.
 A German Grammar. By the Rev. J. G. Tiarks. 12mo. 6s.
 Cassella's Italian and French Conversation. 12mo. 3s. 6d.
 F. W. Simms on the Principal Mathematical Drawings employed by the Engineer, Architect, and Surveyor, with Wood-cuts. 12mo. 2s. 6d.

LITERARY NEWS.—WORKS IN PROGRESS.

Mr. Bulwer's new Novel has just appeared. We have availed ourselves of an early copy, with which we were favoured, to express our high opinion of its varied merits.

Mrs. Thomson's new Novel, "THE LADY ANABETTA," will be published on the 15th instant.

The new Volume of "THE BOOK OF GEMS," which is nearly ready, will illustrate the works of our MODERN POETS, thus completing the original design of presenting in this unique and elegant collection, the most finished productions of British Poets, illustrated by British Artists, which have appeared from the dawn of our Literature to the present day.

We learn with pleasure that Mr. Bowles is preparing for publication a number of his Selected Poems, with "Scenes and Shadows of Days Departed;" and also some Sermons preached in Salisbury Cathedral, Bowood Chapel, and elsewhere. Those at Bowood, we have heard, were on subjects from the Cartoons of Raphael, in the windows of the chapel, presented to Lord Lansdowne by the late king—subjects admirably suited to the poetry and the piety of the preacher.

Mr. Leitch Ritchie is revising for press a posthumous MS. work, entitled, "Memoirs of a Man of Genius."

Miss Lawrence, author of "London in the Olden Times," is preparing for immediate publication the work on which she has been engaged for the last five years, entitled, "Historical Memoirs of the Queens of England, from the commencement of the 12th to the 16th Century, including a View of the Progress of Society, the Arts, and Literature, during that interesting Period."

Miss Landon's novel, "Ethel Churchill; or, the Two Brides," so long delayed on account of her health, is on the point of publication. The scene is laid in the time of George II.

Thomas Erskine, Esq., Advocate, author of "An Essay on Faith," "The Brazen Serpent," &c. &c., has a new work for the press, which will appear in a few weeks.

THE COMMERCIAL RELATIONS OF THE COUNTRY.

WE are happy to announce that a gradual improvement is taking place in the aspect of affairs generally, and that trade, especially in the manufacturing districts, is decidedly on the increase. The harvest is now, we believe, pretty generally approaching its termination, and notwithstanding its having been occasionally interrupted by showers, promises to prove, upon the whole, much more abundant than could have been anticipated.

We regret to find that the cholera still continues its ravages in Rome and other parts of Italy, though with diminished effect.

By the Malta Gazette of the 6th inst, it appears that there it was rapidly on the decrease. By the daily returns three attacks only were reported on the 2nd; and the deaths were three only. The daily reports hitherto published were therefore to be discontinued; but any fresh cases would, as usual, be noted in the weekly Gazette. By accounts received in Malta from Catania, it is mentioned that great consternation continued to prevail there from its prevalence, and many of the inhabitants had fled from the city. Mr. Rose, the British Vice-Consul, along with his brother, who was Consul for the United States, had fallen victims to it.

There have been no very recent accounts from America, but those last received were decidedly favourable.

PRICES OF THE PUBLIC FUNDS,

On Tuesday, 26th of Sept.

ENGLISH STOCKS.

Bank Stock, —. Three per Cent. Consols, 91 seven-eighths. — Three per Cent., reduced, —. Three and a Half per Cent., reduced, —. Consols for Account, 92 one-eighth. — Exchequer Bills, 47s. to 49s. p. — India Bonds, 48s. p.

FOREIGN STOCKS.

Portuguese Bonds for Account, 40 one-half. Dutch, Two and a Half per Cent., 53. — Dutch, Five per Cent., 102 three-fourths. — Spanish Bonds, 19 five-eighths.

MONEY MARKET REPORT, SEPT. 26.—By the advices from Hamburg the price of gold is 488 per mark, which, at the English Mint price of 3*l.* 17*s.* 10½*d.* the ounce for standard gold, gives an exchange of 13.11½, and the exchange at Hamburg on London at short being 13.11½, it follows that gold is 0.12 per cent. dearer at Hamburg than in London.

The premium on gold at Paris is 8 per mille, which, at the English Mint price of 3*l.* 17*s.* 10½*d.* the ounce for standard gold, gives an exchange of 25.35, and the exchange at Paris on London at short being 25.52½, it follows that gold is 0.70 per cent. lower at Paris than in London.

The scarcity of money continues on the Stock Exchange, and 5 per cent. has been currently paid for it, although the usual rate from account to account is from 1½ to 3 only. Consols for money closed at 92, and for this account at 92½ to 1; for the November account they are quoted at 92½ sellers. Exchequer Bills at 47*s.* to 49*s.*, and India Bonds 48*s.* to 50*s.* premium. Out of doors, money, although more scarce than it has been for some time past, is easier than in the house. The quarterly payments into the Exchequer at this season is one cause of this demand for money, which will not be relieved effectually, perhaps, till the payment of dividends.

In the foreign market the only business transacted to any extent has been in Spanish, which were said to come lower by pigeon express from Paris. Spanish Active closed at 18½ to 19½ ex. coupons. The Portuguese 5 per cents. were 40 to ½; the 3 per cents., 26 to ½; Mexican 28½ to 29½; Colombian, 25½ to 26; Peruvian, 19 to 20; Dutch 2½ per cents., 52½ to 53½; the 5 per cents., 102½ to 103. Shares have been heavy, and rather lower; London and Birmingham were 53 to 55, and Great Western 10½ to 11½ premium.

BANKRUPTS.

FROM AUG. 29, 1837, TO SEPT. 22, 1837, INCLUSIVE.

Aug. 29.—A. Knox, Maddox Street, Hanover Square, tailor.—R. H. Franks, Redcross Street, Barbican, hatter.—W. J. Harris, Red Lion Street, Clerkenwell, watch-case maker.—H. Molyneux, Exeter, draper.—J. Leicester, Warrington, Lancashire, bobbin maker.—M. Broadbent, Saddleworth, Yorkshire, woollen clothier.—J. G. Bird, Manchester, commission agent.—J. R. Taylor and E. Taylor, Masbrough, Yorkshire, earthenware manufacturers.—J. Esdaile, Manchester, hatter.—J. Harvey, Glastonbury, Somersetshire, innholder.—J. Veysey, Exeter, hatter.

Sept. 1.—J. Rees, Stratford, Essex, chemist.—J. Beard and J. B. Herbert, Gloucester, timber dealers.—W. Butt, Ledbury, Herefordshire, grocer.—A. Hitchens, Fordingbridge, Southampton, currier.—C. Caudwell, Manchester, baker.—H. H. Preston, Derby, lace-man.—W. Shuard, Spetchley, Worcestershire, builder.—J. Palmer, sen., Stapleford, Nottinghamshire, and T. T. Barker, Sandiacre, Derby, cotton doublers.—A. S. Stocker, Birmingham, machinist.—W. Turner, Birmingham, ironmonger.—T. Barrow, Ashton-under-Lyne, Lancashire, innkeeper.—G. S. Devonport, Chester, woollen draper.—E. Hainsworth, Stanningley, Leeds, cloth manufacturer.—S. L. Booth, Leeds.—H. Dorset, Hertsmonceaux, Sussex, grazier.

Sept. 4.—J. Regan, Maiden Lane, Covent Garden, licensed victualler.—J. Holton, jun., Frome, Frome Selwood, Somersetshire, grocer.—W. Selfe, Frome Selwood, Somersetshire, silversmith.—T. Marshall, Ilkeston, Derbyshire, grocer.—C. J. Holt, Manchester, tallow chandler.—J. Casneau, Liverpool, merchant.—M. Crozier, Liverpool, commission merchant.—G. Hall and J. Bryant, Bath, stationers.

Sept. 7.—W. H. Hunt, Crown Court, Cheap-side, merchant.—W. A. Rocher, Broadwall, Blackfriars, wine merchant.—W. Liddiard and

R. Kitton, Golden Lane, City, carpenters.—J. Green and G. Elley, Birmingham, wholesale jewellers.—W. T. West, Nottingham, draper.—J. Bonner, Cheltenham, ironmonger.

Sept. 11.—W. Page, Plymouth, linen draper.—W. Kier, Liverpool, wine merchant.—G. Wilson, Darlington, Durham, mercer.—J. Plevin, Nantwich, Chester, timber merchant.—R. and R. Lowe, jun., Worcester, leather dressers.—J. Williams, Manchester, glass manufacturer.—W. Clarkson and J. Waterhouse, Stranningley, Yorkshire, cloth manufacturer.—H. Doncaster, Sheffield, porter merchant.—W. G. Jackson, Hartlepool, Durham, grocer.

Sept. 14.—W. K. J. Wilson, Sydney Place, Stockwell, Surrey, master mariner.—J. Dalls, Goole, Yorkshire, broker.—D. Nixon, Stoney Stratford, Buckinghamshire, surgeon.—T. W. Vernon, Bilston, Staffordshire, iron dealer.—W. Howse, Hanley, Staffordshire, victualler.—G. Chapman, Selby, Yorkshire, cornfactor.—J. Swift, Jun., Gainsborough, auctioneer.—J. Dows, Thatcham, Berkshire, miller.

Sept. 19.—J. Brace, of Willow Walk, Bermondsey, tanner.—T. Cave, Jun., and J. C. Burton, Nottingham, lace-manufacturers.—J. Appleyard, Leeds, corn merchant.—J. Leake, Shrewsbury, coachbuilder.—J. Peckmore, Birmingham, baker.—W. J. P. Jackson, Kidderminster, baker.

Sept. 22.—J. and W. Mulholland, Liverpool, merchants.—J. Myrtle, Brighton, butcher.—J. B. Kirk, Burton St. Mary, Gloucestershire, furniture broker.—J. Plevin, Nantwich, Cheshire, timber merchant.—J. Bowerman, Cheltenham, common carrier.—W. Milnes, Leeds, woolstapler.—J. N. Garside, Ashton-under-Lyne, cotton spinner.—T. B. Walden, Liverpool, silk mercer.—T. Millward, Cheltenham, builder.—J. Denton, Stainland, Yorkshire, silk spinner.—J. Wharton, Hulme, Lancashire, joiner.

NEW PATENTS.

W. Palmer, of Sutton Street, Clerkenwell, Middlesex, Manufacturer, for improvements in printing paper-hangings. July 29th, 6 months.

J. Matley, of the city of Paris, in the kingdom of France, and of Manchester, Lancashire, Gentleman, for a machine called a tiering-machine, upon a new principle, for supplying colours to, and to be used by, block-printers in the printing of cotton, linen, and woollen cloths, silks, paper, and other substances, and articles to which block-printing is or may be applied without the aid or assistance of a person to tier upon. August 2nd, 2 months.

A. R. F. Rosser, of New Boswell Court, Middlesex, Esquire, for improvements in preparing manure, and in the cultivation of land. Communicated from a foreigner residing abroad. August 2nd, 6 months.

A. Macewan, Grocer and Tea Merchant in Glasgow, for a process for the improvement of teas as ordinarily imported. August 5th, 6 months.

R. T. Beck, of the parish of Little Stonehouse, Suffolk, Gentleman, for new or improved apparatus or mechanism for obtaining power and motion to be used as a mechanical agent generally, which he intends to denominate *Rotæ Vivæ*. Communicated from a foreigner residing abroad. August 9th, 6 months.

W. Gossage, of Stoke Prior, Worcestershire, Manufacturing Chemist, for certain improvements in the process or operations connected with the manufacture of alkali from common salt, and with the use of the products obtained therefrom. August 17, 6 months.

W. Gillman, of Bethnal Green, Middlesex, Engineer, for an improvement or improvements in steam-boilers, and in engines to be actuated by steam or other purpose. August 17, 6 months.

H. Shuttleworth, of Market Harborough, Leicestershire, Gentleman, and D. F.

Taylor, of the Priory, in the parish of Woodchester, Gloucestershire, Pin Manufacturer, for certain combinations and improvements in machinery for making pins, being an extension of an invention for the term of five years, from the 15th of May, 1838, the expiration of the former letters patent granted for the term of fourteen years to L. W. Wright, in pursuance of the report of the Judicial Committee of her Majesty's Privy Council. August 21.

J. G. Hartley, of No. 11, Beaumont Row, Mile End Road, Middlesex, Esquire, for an improved application of levers for the purpose of multiplying power. August 22nd, 6 months.

T. Du-Boulay, of Sandgate, Kent, Esquire, and J. J. C. Sheridan, of Lewisham, Kent, Esquire, for improvements in drying and screening malt. August 24th, 6 months.

J. Crellier, of Liverpool, Lancashire, and J. Holt, of the same place, plumber, for certain improvements in water-closets. August 24th, 6 months.

R. Brown, of Water Side, Maidstone, Kent, Engineer and Iron Founder, for certain improvements in the construction of cockles, stoves, or apparatus for drying or stoving hops, malt, grain, or seeds. August 24th, 6 months.

W. Hearn, of Southampton Street, Pentonville, in the parish of St. James, Clerkenwell, Middlesex, Engineer, and W. Davies, of Upper North Place, Gray's Inn Road, in the parish of St. Pancras, Middlesex, Plumber, for a certain improvement or certain improvements in the construction of boilers for the generation of steam and heating water or other fluids. August 24th, 6 months.

W. Southwell, of No. 5, Winchester Row, New Road, Middlesex, Piano-Forte Maker, for a certain improvement in piano-fortes. August 24th, 6 months.

MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Kept at Edmonton. Latitude $51^{\circ} 37' 32''$ N. Longitude $3^{\circ} 51''$ West of Greenwich.

The warmth of the day is observed by means of a Thermometer exposed to the North in the shade, standing about four feet above the surface of the ground. The extreme cold of the night is ascertained by an horizontal self-registering Thermometer in a similar situation. The daily range of the Barometer is known from observations made at intervals of four hours each, from eight in the morning till the same time in the evening. The weather and the direction of the wind are the result of the most frequent observations. The rain is measured every morning at eight o'clock.

1837.	Range of Ther.	Range of Barom.	Prevailing Winds.	Rain in Inches.	Prevailing Weather.
Aug.					
23	71-45	29.98 Stat.	S.W.	.2	Cloudy, raining generally all the day.
24	69-44	30.10-30.08	N.E.	.225	Generally clear.
25	67-32	30.11-30.06	S.		Generally clear.
26	70-37	29.85-29.79	S.W.	.025	Cloudy, storm of thund. light. and rain, from 3
27	69-32	30.09-30.03	N.	.12	Generally clear. [past 10 till 2 o'clock P.M.]
28	63-30	29.98-29.73	S.E.		Generally cloudy, rain in the evening.
29	61-42	29.53-29.40	N.E.	.175	Cloudy, rain at times.
30	57-41	29.42-29.34	N.W.	.6	Generally cloudy.
31	61-34	29.42-29.38	S.W.		Generally clear.
Sept.					
1	61-35	29.38-29.34	S.W.	.0375	Morning cloudy, vivid lightning in the evening.
2	63-37	29.52-29.38	N.E.		Generally clear, except the morn. rain at times.
3	56-36	29.68-29.53	N.	.0125	Cloudy, rain at times.
4	59-39	29.85-29.78	N.	.075	Generally cloudy, rain in the morning.
5	63-30	29.90-29.77	N.E.		Generally cloudy.
6	62-32	29.94 Stat.	S.W.		Generally clear.
7	65-36	29.90-29.77	S.W.		Generally cloudy, rain in the evening.
8	64-43	29.84-29.80	S.W.	.2	Generally cloudy, rain at times.
9	67-42	29.81-29.63	S.E.	.025	Generally clear, rain in the evening.
10	69-42	29.86-29.76	S.W.		Generally clear.
11	70-43	29.76-29.60	S.W.		Generally clear, except the evening, with rain.
12	61-39	29.68-29.42	S.W.	.15	Morning cloudy, otherwise clear.
13	65-30	29.25-29.09	S.W.	.15	Generally clear, rain during the morning.
14	60-40	29.50-29.23	W.	.05	Morning cloudy, with rain, otherwise clear.
15	60-33	29.87-29.50	W.	.0125	Generally clear.
16	60-29	29.94-29.89	S.W.		Generally cloudy, a little rain in the morning.
17	71-29	30.00-29.94	S.W.		Generally clear.
18	67-52	30.04-29.95	S.W.		Cloudy, rain at times.
19	69-48	30.05-30.01	S.	.0125	Cloudy.
20	69-50	29.98-29.87	E.		Generally clear.
21	68-39	29.96-29.84	N.E.		Morning cloudy, otherwise clear.
22	67-39	29.99-29.97	N.E.		Generally clear.

MISCELLANEOUS, PHILOSOPHICAL, &c.

FOSSIL REMAINS.—A. M. Fabreguetta, French Consul in the Island of Crete, has forwarded some fossil remains of his own country, found in the neighbourhood of the town of Canea. They are accompanied by a letter from M. Caporal, a medical gentleman, in which it is stated that these remains belonged to a young man. They most tenaciously adhered to a stone, (of what kind is not mentioned,) which was separated by explosion, and consist of long bones, some ribs, vertebrae, and teeth, all of which are grinders. The situation was thirty feet from the sea.

IODINE.—M. Aimé has sent a phial to the French Academy of Sciences containing a compound liquid, which he calls Iodal, in which, according to him, the iodine plays the same part as chlorine does in chloral. It is by making iodine act upon nitric alcohol that he obtains this compound, and iodal is given in the form of a liquid much heavier than water. Its colour is at first red, from excess of iodine, but after some time it loses all tint whatever.

HISTORY.—The Royal Academy of Metz has proposed the following queries for the present year, as subjects for prizes. What is the real use of history? Under what points of view, and within what limits, would it be advisable to teach history among the different classes of society? What is the best system for the study of elementary history, in the great schools, colleges, and primary schools? What are the best means of making the influence of the enlightened classes contribute to the happiness of the poor and ignorant? In order to obtain the above-mentioned object, what would be the advantages and disadvantages of a certain degree of patronage? Each of the prizes to consist of a medal worth two hundred francs.

RUSSIAN CHARACTERS.—It is well known, on the testimony of Arab authors, that the Russians used written characters in the beginning of the tenth century, but the nature of these characters has been hitherto unknown. A. M. Frähn, of the Academy of Sciences, at St. Petersburg, now says that they were carved on wood, and had no analogy with the Slavonic or Runic; but there is a remarkable resemblance between them and the still unexplained inscriptions on the route between Mount Sinai and Suez, attributed by common report to the early Christians, who, before the sixth century, passed that way on their pilgrimages to the Monastery of the Transfiguration.

ANCIENT THEATRE AT CATANIA.—From some interesting excavations recently made by M. Sebastian Ittar, there is every reason to believe that this was originally a Greek theatre, rebuilt, with some differences of plan, by the Romans. It is also obvious that marine pieces were performed on real water, as the means for inundation are obvious, and the places for the entrances and the exits of the boats, &c. still remain. The pit was a mosaic of marble, granite, and Rosso-antico; and the torso of a faun, part of a dolphin, and other sculptures, were found.

NAPOLEON.—A monument is to be erected at Alajola in Corsica, in honour of Napoleon, this being his native town. The statue and pedestal together will be eighty feet high.

EGYPT.—M. Lefebvre, a civil engineer, has lately performed several mineralogical journeys between the Nile and the Red Sea. In these deserts he found an enormous deposit of oriental alabaster, which is now worked by the government. This quarry is seven leagues from Beni-Sueys, and at the top it bears marks of having been formerly worked, but its position does not agree with that ascribed in ancient geography to Alabastron Folis.

EARTHQUAKES.—This year has been remarkable for earthquakes, and at the foot of the Saint Plomb, at Brigue, in the Alps, there seems to be a permanent earthquake, for the movements began on the 22d of February and have continued ever since, but have considerably diminished in intensity. The earthquake at Lisbon extended as far as Brigue, and caused great destruction there, which adds to the present alarm. Nervous persons are painfully affected by these continued shocks.

Oct. 1837.—VOL. XX.—NO. LXXVIII.

ROADS.—We are happy to inform our travelling readers that our neighbours in France have come to a resolution to improve the roads in that country, but it is still disputed whether they shall not set to work upon roads already made or make new ones, which are much wanted, and without which great obstacles exist for the conveyance of produce.

OIL GAS.—M. Auguste Laurent has again urged to the French Academy of Sciences, the advantages of using gas drawn from the oil of bituminous slate for lighting manufactories. He is convinced of its economy, and obtains seventy-two cubic feet of gas from every two pounds of oil, and the intensity of light is such that a socket with sixteen or eighteen holes is equal to fourteen or fifteen wax candles.

FISHES.—Three new specimens of the genus *Cyprinus* have been found lately in the Moselle by M. Holandre, the author of the Fauna of the Moselle: one borders upon the common carp, but is longer in form, has no barbs, and is of a silvery white; a second approaches the bream, and the third is not unlike the dace.

Captain Back has addressed the following interesting Account of his Polar Expedition to the Secretary of the Geographical Society.

Sept. 11, 1837.

Sir,—As the expedition, from which I have just returned, originated with the Geographical Society, and at its recommendation, was most liberally carried into effect by his majesty's government, I feel it incumbent on me to offer to the Society an outline of the principal events which occurred, from the time of my quitting England, in June 1836, till my return to Lough Swilly, on the night of Sunday, the 2nd instant.

In a statement of this description, it would be impossible to enter into the detail of all the extraordinary, and I may say unparalleled, circumstances which have marked the course of the whole of our proceedings: such details I trust I may shortly be enabled to afford to the Society and to the public in a more complete form; but, in the mean time, it is due to those who took so warm an interest in the expedition, to furnish them with an authentic narrative of the voyage, which must, however, necessarily be very brief, and will consist of extracts selected from my daily journal, as better calculated to convey a correct impression of the singular occurrences to which we were witnesses.

June 23. We took our departure from Papa Westra, and steered across the Atlantic: the weather stormy.—July 20. We fell in with the ice, and, on the following day, we first saw the coast of Labrador, near Cape Chudleigh.—Aug. 1. Passed through Hudson's Straits; and, on the 5th, saw some of the company's ships, apparently beset with ice, off the North Bluff. By keeping close in with the land, we got a-head, and lost sight of them; and, on the following day, we were ourselves hampered. The ice was compact, and covered the horizon towards Hudson's Bay, as far as could be seen from the mast-head, while to the north-west it presented a contrary appearance. I had, therefore, no hesitation in proceeding in that direction.—Aug. 16. We got a run of forty miles from Trinity Isles; yet did not get sight of Baffin Island till the 23rd, when we also saw Southampton Island to the S.W. Two days of westerly wind at this crisis would have enabled us to reach Repulse Bay; but easterly winds prevailed, and packed the whole body of ice in such a manner, that all hope of retracing our steps to pass to the southward of Southampton Island, and up Sir Thomas Roe's Welcome, was out of the question. On the 29th we were drifted by the ice to lat. $65^{\circ} 50' N.$, long. $82^{\circ} 7' W.$: this was our extreme north point, and here we were within about forty miles of Winter Island, where the Hecla and Fury passed the winter of 1821. By dint of wearing, the ship was worked to the southward towards Southampton Island, whither we were attracted by the flattering appearance of lanes of open water.—Sept. 4. We were only 136 from Repulse Bay, and two days of strong breeze would have led us through Frozen Strait to our destination. During the next fortnight we continued drifting slowly to the westward, passing within three miles of Cape Comfort, a bluff headland, rising about 1000 feet above the sea.—Sept. 20. We were seriously nipped by the ice; so much so as to start some of the ship's fastenings. On the 22nd, being within twenty-five miles of the Duke of York's Bay, we tried to cut through the ice, but found it impracticable, as it closed immediately. From this date the ship

was no longer under our own guidance; but, being closely beset, was carried to and fro, according to the wind and tide.—Sept. 26. We were drifted into lat. $65^{\circ} 48'$, long. $83^{\circ} 40'$, our extreme western point, and ninety miles from Repulse Bay — Sept. 27. A rush of ice from the eastward lifted the ship's stern $7\frac{1}{2}$ feet out of the water. Constant easterly winds.—Oct. 9. A clear channel in shore as far as Cape Bylot, for the space of twelve hours, and again on the 27th; but we were so completely frozen up, we could not take advantage of it; although, to effect so important an object, the ice-saws, axes, and every other implement, so liberally supplied by government, were put in requisition, and all the energy of both officers and crew was strained to the utmost.—Oct. 17. The thermometer fell to 9° below zero of Fahrenheit. In the beginning of November, the ship was housed in, and every arrangement made for meeting the rigour of winter. Snow walls were raised round the ship; and in this manner we drifted to and fro off the high land of Cape Comfort, at times carried so close to the rocks as to excite alarm for the safety of the ship.—Dec. 21. A furious gale from the westward drove us off shore, fourteen miles to the eastward of Cape Comfort, from which point the coast, not before laid down on our chart, was surveyed, as we drifted to the south-eastward, for the distance of about 120 miles, as far as Seahorse Point, the eastern extreme of Southampton Island. The general character of the coast, barren hills and cliffs, varying from 750 to 1000 feet above the sea.

On Christmas-day the first symptoms of scurvy showed themselves, which gradually extended itself to all hands. At one time twenty-five men were suffering severely from it; but, eventually, only three persons fell victims to this dreadful disease; viz. the gunner and two seamen. In the beginning of January, during a calm, our floe of ice split with a fearful crash; and this was the commencement of a series of shocks, that nothing but the great strength of the mass of timber and iron employed in fortifying the ship could have withstood: as it was, the vessel strained in every direction.—Feb. 18. Early in the morning, thermometer at 33° below zero, a disruption of the ice took place; and waves of ice thirty feet high were rolled towards the ship, which complained much. The decks were separated, the beams raised off the shelf-pieces. Lashings and shores, used for supporters, gave way; iron bolts partially drawn; and the whole frame of the ship trembled so violently, as to throw some of the men down.

Yet this was not our worst disaster. On the 15th of March, while drifting to the south-eastward, off a low point, since appropriately named "Terror Point," a tremendous rush of ice from the north-west took the ship astern; and although buried to the flukes of the anchor in a dock of ice, such was the pressure, that she was forced upon it, and at the same time thrown over to starboard. The sternpost was carried away, and the stern lifted seven feet out of the water. The same night a second rush of ice tore up the remnants of our floe, forced the ship on the ice, so that her forefoot was quite out of water. Her sunken stern was threatened by an overhanging wave of ice full thirty feet high; but which providentially stopped as it touched the quarter of the ship. The water poured in through the stern-frame, and the ship creaked and strained in every direction. Provisions were got on deck, the boats lowered, and every preparation made for the worst extremity; and in the darkness and silence of night, we calmly awaited the anticipated coming of another shock, which, to all human appearances, must have been the last. Heaven ordained it otherwise; and in this novel cradle of ice, we were drifted without further injury to Seahorse Point. The ice that bore us was ascertained to be seventy feet thick; and it was not until we had sawed through long lines of twenty-five feet thick, at a future day, that the ship was freed from this situation. The position of Seahorse Point was determined to be $63^{\circ} 43'$, long. $80^{\circ} 10' W.$; variation 49° westerly. The lowest temperature was 53° below zero, when both mercury and brandy were frozen.

On the 1st of May, the ship, still on the ice, was drifted near Mill Island; thence to the southward of Nottingham Island, between it and Cape Wolstenholme, a perpendicular cliff of one thousand feet high; thence to the northward of Charles' Island, which we reached on the 21st of June. The ice now showed symptoms of disruption, and we set all hands to work, with a 35-foot ice-saw worked by shears; and on the 11th of July, having sawed to within three feet, the ice split in a fore and aft direction, and liberated the larboard side. We immediately made sail on the ship, but found we could not extricate her from an iceberg between the fore and main chains. We again had recourse to saws and purchases, when the lump of ice, still fast to the ship, rose to the surface of the water, and threw the vessel on

her beam ends, the water rushing in with frightful rapidity. All hands were instantly set to work again, and laboured day and night, unremittingly, at the fatiguing but indispensable operation of sawing; till exhausted by their exertions, I was obliged to call them in from the ice for rest and refreshment. Not a quarter of an hour had elapsed from quitting the work, when a sudden disruption of the ice took place, and the mass crashed with terrific violence against the ship's side, snapping, apparently without effort, the lashings and spars that had been placed, fearing this occurrence; and but for the merciful interposition of Providence, all would inevitably have been crushed by the mass of ice on which they had just been labouring. As the ice separated the ship righted, and drifted along. Finding it impossible to hang the old rudder, a spare one was fitted, and sail made on the ship. It was an anxious moment, as we waited to see if she would answer her helm; and as she bore up before the wind, with her head towards England, a cheer of gratitude burst from all on board.

I had cherished, to the last moment, the hope that the damages sustained might not be so great as to prevent my pushing for Wager Inlet by Sir Thomas Roe's Welcome, and there to beach the ship and repair damages, while some in boats carried into effect the object of our expedition; but when I found that she required two pumps constantly going to keep her free, that both outer and inner sternposts were gone, the keel seriously damaged, besides various other casualties, I felt it became my duty, however reluctantly, to make the best of our way homewards. Fortunately, the early part of our voyage across the Atlantic was favourable; but, subsequently, the weather became boisterous, and the leaks increased very much, so that we could barely keep her free with incessant pumping: to secure the ship, also, we were obliged to frap her together with the stream chain-cable.

On the 6th of August, we again passed through Hudson's Straits; and on the 3rd of September arrived in Lough Swilly, not having let go our anchor since June 1836. The north-eastern stem of Southampton Island has been now surveyed for the first time, by Lieut. Owen Stanley, who has also made various views of the coast, and a chart showing the track of the ship. The remarkable positions in which the ship was placed among the ice, are admirably illustrated by Lieut. Smyth, in a series of spirited and characteristic drawings. I cannot conclude this brief account without bearing testimony to the great assistance I have invariably received from Lieut. Smyth, and all the officers and crew employed under my command, in this expedition; to the cheerful obedience with which all orders were obeyed; and to the steadiness of behaviour evinced in circumstances of no common trial. To speculate on what might have been the result of this expedition, had ever I reached either Repulse Bay or Wager River, would now be idle; but I cannot resist the opportunity of recording my unaltered opinion as to the practicability of the service when once a party should have reached either of the before-mentioned starting places.

I have the honour to be, &c.

GEORGE BACK.

TO CAPTAIN WASHINGTON, R.N.
Secretary R.G.S.

ATHENS.—There are few persons out of Greece, who are acquainted with the present state of the city of Athens. It is generally described according to the accounts which were published before it became the capital of the kingdom; and then it was certainly in a deplorable condition. It presented to the eye of the beholder only a mass of ruins, and you could perceive scarcely more than about twenty tolerably solid and regularly-built houses. Accordingly, when the seat of government was transferred to Athens, it was with the greatest difficulty that some buildings could be fitted up for the members of the regency, the diplomatic body, the secretaries of state, and their offices. But the appearance of Athens has, since that time, been materially changed. On the site of most of the ruins, buildings have been erected; and they are executed in entire conformity with the plan of Athens. Several streets have been opened, levelled, and widened. The principal are, Hermes Street, Æolus Street, and Minerva Street. Hermes Street divides the city into two equal parts, parallel with the Acropolis. Æolus Street crosses Hermes Street, and extends to the Temple of Æolus, where a square of the same name is now being laid out. Minerva Street, the broadest of all, runs nearly in the same direction as Æolus Street. Solid and handsome buildings have already

been erected on both sides of Hermes Street, in its whole length. There are not so many buildings in Æolus and Minerva Streets, but there is every appearance that they will be completed within three years. Hermes Street is already levelled, and, as well as many others, will soon be paved. Half of the old Agora Street is already paved. Hermes Street and Æolus Street divide the city of Athens into four quarters. Of the streets of the second class, the principal are, Metagitnia, Palace, Agora, and Adrian Streets.

The government has neglected nothing to secure the health of the inhabitants of the capital. Large sums have been expended in repairing and cleansing the ancient sewers, which convey the water and filth of the city into the great canal, which divides the city into two parts. Besides this great canal, the following are worthy of notice; namely, the canal which runs through the whole of Metagitnia Street; another which runs from the square Sicropazaron, through Adrian Street; and, lastly, the canal of Palace and St. Mark's Streets. The object of securing the health of the inhabitants would not, however, have been attained, had not measures been at the same time adopted for draining the neighbouring marshes. The overflowings of the Cephissus, formed in the grove of Olives, and in the plain between the Piræus and Athens, several pools of stagnant water, the exhalations of which were extremely noxious. The government has had them all drained, the bed of the Cephissus corrected, and canals made to carry off the waters into the sea. These operations have, besides, restored not an inconsiderable tract of land to agriculture. There are in Athens twenty public wells; and, beside this, the public buildings, and many private houses, have water, with which they are supplied out of the general aqueduct, on very moderate terms. This water, which is distributed in the city, comes from two sources; one at the foot of the Pentelikon, called the Fountain of St. Demetrius, which is connected with the city by an admirable canal, of the time of the Emperor Adrian, which is in perfect preservation, and is ten feet broad and twelve feet high; the other source is that of Tachymachos, at the foot of Mount Hymettus. There are in Athens a civil and a military hospital: the latter is remarkable for its solidity and handsome style of architecture, and is on a very healthy spot: the building of the civil hospital is beginning. Since the removal of the government to Athens, several other public buildings have been erected; such as the barracks, the artillery barracks, the mint, and the royal printing office: the last is an establishment that does honour to the government; it has nine typographic and seven lithographic presses, and above seventy workmen are employed in it. In a short time the building of the University will commence: a church of the Anatolian dogma will be built at the same time. The palace of the king, the building of which began a year ago, will not be inferior to the edifices which formerly adorned Greece; the situation is equally beautiful and salubrious.

There are in Athens thirteen churches in which divine service is performed; twelve belong to the Eastern, and one to the Western Church. There are two cemeteries, one belonging to the commune, the other to the Protestants. What was formerly the Turkish school has been temporarily fitted up as a prison. Athens is also fortunate with respect to establishments for education. It is the seat of the university; of a gymnasium, in which the government has founded thirty exhibitions for poor students; of a Hellenic school, a city school, and the seminary for schoolmasters. Besides these, there are several schools supported by private persons: for instance, the American Philhellenes; the girls' school of Madame Polmerange, which has long been established at Napoli, was lately removed to Athens. In this school fourteen girls are clothed, maintained, and educated, at the expense of the government.

Manufactures are still very backward in Athens; and the same is the case in all the other towns in Greece: foreigners have, however, founded some establishments which promise well. The revenues of Athens have considerably improved; according to the statement of 1836, they had risen to nearly 120,000 drachms. They arise from the rent of buildings belonging to the town, from the excise, &c. We may further observe that, when a census of the population was made for the first time in 1833, it amounted to scarcely 7,000 souls, whereas it is now 15,000, besides the military.

Athens stands on a spot which is rich in remains of antiquity; but, as the government has not yet been able to grant any considerable sum to make excavations in places where there is reason to hope that numerous antiquities might be found, the acquisitions hitherto made are limited to accidental discoveries in laying the foundations of new buildings. In digging the foundations of a house which Dr.

Treiber and Mr. Origone lately built in the vicinity of the Temple of Theseus, the remains of a wall were found, and a part of the cornice of a column of the Doric order. M. Pataki, superintendent of the antiquities, caused further excavations to be made, with the permission of the owners; and a head of good workmanship was found, that, from the manner in which the hair is arranged, seems to be of the time of the dominion of the Romans. Then a pedestal was found, with three words of an inscription. On the same day, a female head, of exquisite workmanship, was found; and another head, which seems to have belonged to a statue of Nerva. To judge by the direction of the wall, it probably belonged to a monument in honour of a Roman emperor; for, on a close examination of the workmanship of the cornice and the three heads, we may take it for granted that they are of a later date than the classic era.

THE following are given, in an American work, from Dr. Franklin's unpublished papers.

The great secret of succeeding in conversation, is to admire little, to hear much, always to distrust our own reason, and sometimes that of our friends; never to pretend to wit, but to make that of others appear as much as possibly we can; to hearken to what is said, and to answer to the purpose.

Ut jam nunc dicat jam nunc debentia dici.

Whence comes the dew that stands on the outside of a tankard that has cold water in it in the summer-time?

Whence does it proceed that the proselytes to any sect or persuasion, generally appear more zealous than those that are bred up in it?

Answer. I suppose that people BRED in different persuasions are nearly zealous alike. Then he that changes his party is either sincere or not sincere: that is, he either does it for the sake of his opinions merely, or with a view of interest. If he is sincere and has no view of interest, and considers before he declares himself how much ill-will he shall have from those he leaves, and that those he is about to go among will be apt to suspect his sincerity: if he is not really zealous, he will not declare; and therefore must be zealous if he does declare.

If he is not sincere, he is obliged at least to put on an appearance of great zeal, to convince the better his new friends that he is heartily in earnest, for his old ones he knows dislike him. And as few acts of zeal will be more taken notice of than such as are done against the party he has left, he is inclined to injure or malign them, because he knows they condemn and despise him. Hence one Renegado is (as the Proverb says) worse than ten Turks.

SIR,—It is strange, that among men who are born for society and mutual solace, there should be any who take pleasure in speaking disagreeable things to their acquaintance. But such there are I assure you, and I should be glad if a little public chastisement might be any means of reforming them. These ill-natured people study a man's temper, or the circumstances of his life, merely to know what disgusts him, and what he does not care to hear mentioned; and this they take care to omit no opportunity of disturbing him with. They communicate their wonderful discoveries to others, with an ill-natured satisfaction in their countenances, *say such a thing to such a man and you cannot mortify him worse.* They delight (to use their own phrase) in seeing galled horses wince, and like flies, a sore place is a feast to them. Know, ye wretches, that the meanest insect, the trifling musquito, the filthy bug, have it in their power to give pain to men; but to be able to give pleasure to your fellow creatures, requires good-nature and a kind and humane disposition, joined with talents, to which ye seem to have no pretension.

X. Y.

If a sound body and a sound mind, which is as much as to say health and virtue, are to be preferred before all other considerations,—Ought not men, in choosing a business either for themselves or children, to refuse such as are unwholesome for the body, and such as make a man too dependent, too much obliged to please others, and too much subjected to their humours in order to be recommended and get a livelihood?

How shall we judge of the goodness of a writing? or what qualities should a writing on any subject have, to be good and perfect in its kind?

Answer 1. To be good it ought to have a tendency to benefit the reader by improving his virtue or his knowledge.

The method should be just, that is, it should proceed regularly from things known to things unknown, distinctly and clearly, without confusion.

The words used should be the most expressive that the language affords, provided they are the most generally understood.

Nothing should be expressed in two words that can as well be expressed in one; *i. e.* no synonymes should be used, or very rarely, but the whole be as short as possible, consistent with clearness.

The words should be so placed as to be agreeable to the ear in reading.

Summarily,—it should be smooth, clear, and short,

For the contrary qualities are displeasing.

But taking the query otherwise:

An ill man may write an ill thing well; that is, having an ill design he may use the properest style and arguments (considering who are to be readers) to attain his ends.

In this sense, that is best wrote which is best adapted for attaining the end of the writer.

Can a man arrive at perfection in this life, as some believe; or is it impossible, as others believe?

Perhaps they differ in the meaning of the word perfection.

I suppose the perfection of anything to be only the greatest the nature of that thing is capable of.

Thus a horse is more perfect than an oyster, yet the oyster may be a perfect oyster, as well as the horse a perfect horse.

And an egg is not so perfect as a chicken, nor a chicken as a hen; for the hen has more strength than the chicken, and the chicken more life than the egg—yet it may be a perfect egg, chicken, and hen.

If they mean a man cannot in this life be so perfect as an angel, it is true; for an angel by being incorporeal, is allowed some perfections we are at present incapable of, and less liable to some imperfections that we are liable to. If they mean a man is not capable of being so perfect here as he is capable of being in heaven, that may be true likewise.

But that a man is not capable of being so perfect here as he is capable of being here, is not sense; it is as if I should say, a chicken in the state of a chicken is not capable of being so perfect as a chicken is capable of being in that state.

In the above sense there may be a perfect oyster, a perfect horse, a perfect ship, why not a perfect man? that is, as perfect as his present nature and circumstances admit.

Question. Wherein consists the happiness of a rational creature?

Answer. In having a sound mind and a healthy body, a sufficiency of the necessities and conveniences of life, together with the favour of God and the love of mankind.

Q. What do you mean by a sound mind?

A. A faculty of reasoning justly and truly, in searching after such truths as relate to my happiness. Which faculty is the gift of God, capable of being improved by experience and instruction into wisdom.

Q. What is wisdom?

A. The knowledge of what will be best for us on all occasions, and the best ways of attaining it.

Q. Is any man wise at all times and in all things?

A. No: but some are much more frequently wise than others.

Q. What do you mean by the necessities of life?

A. Having wholesome food and drink wherewith to satisfy hunger and thirst, clothing, and a place of habitation fit to secure against the inclemencies of the weather.

Q. What do you mean by the conveniences of life?

A. Such a plenty

Query.—Whether it is worth a rational man's while to forego the pleasure arising

from the present luxury of the age in eating and drinking and artful cookery, studying to gratify the appetite, for the sake of enjoying a healthy old age, a sound mind, and a sound body, which are the advantages reasonably to be expected from a more simple and temperate diet?

Whether those meats and drinks are not the best that contain everything in their natural tastes, nor have anything added by art so pleasing as to induce us to eat or drink when we are not athirst or hungry, or after thirst and hunger are satisfied; water, for instance, for drink, and bread, or the like, for meat?

Is there any difference between knowledge and prudence?

If there is any, which of the two is most eligible?

Is it justifiable to put private men to death for the sake of the public safety or tranquillity, who have committed no crime? As in case of the plague, to stop infection, or as in the case of the Welshmen here executed.

If the sovereign power attempts to deprive a subject of his right, (or, what is the same thing, of what he thinks his right,) is it justifiable in him to resist if he is able?

What general conduct of life is most suitable for men in such circumstances as most of the members of the Junta are? or of the many schemes of living which are in our power to pursue, which will be most probably conducive to our happiness?

Which is the best to make a friend of, a wise and good man that is poor, or a rich man that is neither wise nor good?

Which of the two is the greatest loss to a country, if they both die?

Which of the two is happiest in life?

Does it not, in a general way, require great study and intense application for a poor man to become rich and powerful, if he would do it without the forfeiture of his honesty?

Does it not require as much pains, study, and application, to become truly wise and strictly good and virtuous, as to become rich?

Can a man of common capacity pursue both views with success at the same time?

If not, which of the two is it best for him to make his whole application to?

HISTORICAL REGISTER.

Parliament is appointed to meet on the 15th of November, and Mr. Abercromby will be proposed as Speaker. It is understood that Mr. Shaw Lefevre will move his re-election.

MEMOIRS OF PERSONS RECENTLY DECEASED.

HON. SIR EDWARD STOPFORD.

At Leamington, in the seventy-first year of his age, Lieutenant-General the Hon. Sir Edward Stopford, G.C.B. and K.T.S., Colonel of the 41st Regiment of Foot. In private life his character was everything which a truly honourable mind and amiable disposition could constitute. In his public services he maintained and promoted the high reputation of the noble troops which he commanded, and was honoured both for his conduct in the field, and for his mild, steady, and judicious discipline, with the confidence and esteem of the illustrious chief under whom he served.

SIR HENRY GWILLIM.

At Staplefield, Sussex, in the seventy-ninth year of his age, Sir Henry Gwillim, formerly first Puisne Justice of his Majesty's Supreme Court of Judicature at Madras. He acquired professional distinction before his appointment to India by his edition of "Bacon's Abridgment," and he subsequently published a copious and highly valuable collection of tithe cases. His learning was deep and accurate—as an author his industry in research was unwearied—as a judge his integrity and independence were uncompromising.